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David Blair of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, who is the subject of this month's editorial *Photo: Gordon Anthony*

Cover Stories

This month's front cover, by Walter Owen, is of Tanaquil LeClercq in *La Valse*. This ballet is one of the recent additions to the New York City Ballet repertoire and will be seen on the company's first night at Covent Garden, July 7. The music is Ravel's *La Valse* and also his *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. The costumes are by Karinska.

TANAQUIL LECLERCQ began her training under Mordkin at the age of seven. During her three years with him she appeared in his production of *Sleeping Beauty*, was screen-tested for *Zaza*, and danced on N.B.C. television. In the summer of 1939 she took ballet classes at the Cape Cod School of Music under Muriel Stuart who recommended that she try for a scholarship at the School of American Ballet. When Ballet Society was organised in 1946, she danced regularly with them until they became New York City Ballet. She has danced most of the principal rôles in their repertoire.

Our back cover, by Roger Wood, is of Claudie Algeranova and Vladimir Brosko in a *pas de deux* they recently danced in Paris.

ALGERANOVA was born in Paris but came to England when she was nine. In 1939, at the age of fifteen, she went to the Cone-Ripman school. She joined International Ballet on its foundation in 1941. It was in 1944 that she started to be noticed for her Prayer in *Coppelia* at the Savoy Theatre. She married Algeranoff in 1945. During the next few years she started to take over more important roles. Today, together with Mona Inglesby, she is the principal ballerina of the company.

Vladimir Brosko, son of a Polish general, began his studies in Warsaw. Escaping before the end of the war he went to Paris. In Pianowski's class he was discovered by Nijinska with the result that he joined the De Cuevas company. Remaining with them for several years, he went to International Ballet in 1951. Today he is back in Paris.

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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES · DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

We don't want to lose you

"WE don't want to lose you, but we feel you ought to go," sang the lady in the Music Hall during the first world war. But we now seem able to lose people, during this uneasy peace, as drastically as during a conflagration. This is, of course, perfectly right for we must be prepared for any eventuality. It is, however, playing Old Harry with our dancers.

There is probably no other occupation which is more affected by the call-up into the armed forces than that of dancing. Should any old general, mouldering away his life in a club in the vicinity of St. James's Palace, ever read these words (a most unlikely event) he would probably mutter, "Damn good for 'em to have a bit of soldierin'. Toughen 'em up a bit and turn 'em into men." But that would not quite be the point. Dancers are tough, very tough. If they were not it is unlikely that they would survive for more than a month with any ballet company. If anybody made such a statement, as the old general's, to me I would force him to spend a day with any average ballet dancer. What, after all, is a ballet class other than a parade ground set to music?

The life of a dancer, as has been so frequently stated, is very short. At the moment when he is reaching maturity, he is whisked away for two years; then another two or three years have to elapse before he regains any of his original status. Sometimes the time is a bit shorter, usually it takes longer; occasionally he never regains it.

Now, not for a moment do I suggest that he should be exempt. It would cause him considerable distress and the fact of mixing with every type of person is good for him. It brings him out of that rather select little island which is—ballet. It gives him a chance to see the world from in front of the proscenium arch. But would it not be possible to let him still keep in touch with his art? Could he not be stationed somewhere where it is possible to give a performance at least once a week?

It is asking a lot I know. It is asking something to which many others might take grave exception. But just consider, for a moment, what the dancers of this country have done in the past years. We have made a ghastly hash of most things, nobody really likes us any more. Wherever English people go outside their own little island they have to stiffen their necks to prevent them dropping in shame. Just mention the name "Sadler's Wells" and the disgruntled foreigner will become a different person. "Ah! Your Saddlers", he will beam, "that is indeed a wonder." Surely, then, if ballet can arouse the hard-gotten respect of the foreigner it has done a remarkable service. Or perhaps it hasn't. It just depends on which way you look at it. But even having rendered this small service, some consideration should be given to those who made it possible.

The urgency of the situation is made more acute by the case of David Blair of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Here is a dancer who, in three short years, has made amazing progress. Overcoming many obstacles such as an unfortunate stage manner, he has risen to become the White Hope of British ballet. Of that there is absolutely no question. He is a dancer of whom we should have been as proud, in time, as we are of Fonteyn. Now his future is in jeopardy. In a month's time he will put dancing behind him for two years. Who knows whether he will ever regain what these years are to take away from him? The question simply should not arise.

Hello! New York

LONDON is the friendly Clapham Junction of the arts. In time everybody comes here. We are always delighted to welcome eminent visitors. It has become traditional that they should arrive in the Summer months, though tradition has been broken in the past few years and the Winter has become equally lively. The return of the New York City Ballet in July and August is a notable event. Here is a company guided by the expert hand of Diaghilev's last great choreographer—George Balanchine.

When they were here two years ago, they aroused a good deal of controversy. People were violently for or against them. This was mainly on account of a repertoire which had a considerable degree of sameness. But there was no question of their distinction. Now the company has been strengthened, and many new ballets by various choreographers added. Reports of their progress across the continent of Europe make one all the more anxious to see them again. Therefore it is with the greatest pleasure that I say, "Welcome New York City Ballet and may your visit benefit both sides of the Atlantic."

THE ASCENDING CURVE

by PETER WILLIAMS

Svetlana Beriosova has worked in England for so long that she could almost be called a British ballerina. To-day she is realising an ambition by being appointed to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.

At the age of seven in the Chinese Dance from The Nutcracker *Photo: Maurice Seymour*

DAY follows night (incessantly)—sunshine follows rain (eventually)—peace follows war (uneasily). All of them are inevitabilities. That Svetlana Birjaitis should become a dancer was equally inevitable; that she should become a ballerina was up to her. A dancer can be created but that further step to ballerinadom can only be achieved within the dancer.

Her recent Swanilda, in the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet *Coppelia*, proved that her early ascendence to this exalted state was no flash in a childish pan. Her career has described a perfect ascending curve.

The career she has chosen did not arise from a frustrated mother, nor from extreme poverty, nor from winning a lot of scholarships. The theatre has been her life and she has never known any other. From the time when, at two years of age, she left her native Lithuania to be with her father (Nicholas Beriosoff) in Monte Carlo with the Ballet Russe, she knew instinctively the path her life would take.

Highest example

In front of her has always been the example of the greatest dancers of her time. She would see them in the theatre and also in private life. The magic has never faded and she has never become disillusioned by the petty quarrels and jealousies of other dancers. To her, such matters were of no concern. Her respect for great ballerinas is such that they always seem perfect. The world of ballet is still her wonderland and behaviour which might seem extraordinary to the outsider, appears to be perfectly normal to her.

In those days, Beriosoff (or "Papa", as he is always called) was a soloist with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, so Svetlana's day was spent watching rehearsals and generally getting in the way. During the afternoons she rested in Danilova's dressing-room, in a costume hamper. "Some day," said Danilova, "you too will be on the stage." In Svetlana's mind these words only underlined her continual beliefs. Danilova gave her a toy chicken which laid eggs. Toumanova gave her an inscribed gold bracelet which she has to this day. There were certainly compensations for being the baby in a ballet company though one day, Fokine almost killed her. She attempted to interrupt a rehearsal of *Don Juan;* thinking Papa was getting hurt, she rushed forward to protect him. In his fury at this uncalled-for interruption, Fokine carried her off.

First time in England

She was only three when the company came to the Alhambra in London. Several attempts were made to teach her English and she was sent to a kindergarten in Soho. Although this was not entirely successful, she has since mastered the language with almost no trace of a foreign accent.

When the company was at Streatham Hill, she hit René Blum's son, quite hard, with a coat-hanger. They were imitating a duel scene from one of the ballets.

In 1940 the company left for America and her first impression of that country was of Ellis Island. "If this is America," she thought to herself, "then I just don't like it." However, Sol Hurok finally rescued the family and America remained their country for the next six years.

Swans and nutcrackers

It was the heyday of Ballet Russe, seldom had so many great stars been collected together in one company. But Svetlana's first public appearance was not with that company but at a charity performance for the Countess Tolstoy Foundation. To Delibes' music, she did a swan dance. In order to get the feathers, a hen had to be killed. At the performance, the effect was charming but unfortunately the feathers had not been cured, and later they started to smell. She, nevertheless, kept them in a cupboard for many years until Lilyne (her step-mother) finally threw the disintegrated remains away. The performance must have been a great success because everyone cried at the end. She chewed gum through it all, so as to calm her nerves. Papa was furious and spanked her.

Shortly after this she started to appear with the company. Her first big important role was Clara in *The Nutcracker*. One night she overdid it, she bowed too low to everyone as she was being led round the stage by The Sugar Plum Fairy—Alexandra Danilova. The great ballerina was furious and there was a mild scandal. It soon blew over and Danilova gave her a brooch as a peace present.

She also got into a bit of trouble with Massine. Playing the skipping-rope girl in *Beau Danube*, she got between him and the Street Dancer. He was not at all pleased.

Poison Ivy and monks

During a vacation in 1943, she organised the local children for a performance at Hudson Bay. Unfortunately there was a lot of poison ivy near the open-air stage and all the children came out in a rash. There was no performance and Papa sent her to a monastery in an attempt to stop her getting into further trouble. However it was of little avail because she successfully organised a performance within the monastic confines.

All these little incidents did nothing to damp her ardour. Even after she had four teeth out, the only way to quieten her was to allow her to watch a performance of *Serenade*. Frequently, Fokine would sit her on his lap during a rehearsal. Massine, also, was very fond of her. In those days she went everywhere in a trailer with an Italian cook and a Russian driver who were always threatening to kill each other.

Her teachers, right up to the time that she joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet, were Vilzak and his wife, Ludmilla Schollar; both famous dancers with the Diaghilev company. Also, of course, Papa.

Monte Carlo maelstrom

After the war, the Beriosoff family returned to Europe. In Monte Carlo they joined the company being formed by the Marquis de

As the Maiden in Frank Staff's Fanciulla delle Rose *for Metropolitan Ballet Photo: Duncan Melvin*

Cuevas. Things were not entirely easy because of rivalry between the French and American dancers in the company. However Svetlana got on well with Lifar because she spoke Russian, and he also admired her and used her in several of his ballets. Nijinska arrived to make *Pictures at an Exhibition* and *Brahms Variations*. She wanted Svetlana to be the principal understudy. All she eventually did was to shout at Svetlana and make her carry benches about (they were the principal scenery in *Pictures at an Exhibition*).

The first season at Vichy was not very happy as the intrigues were on such a grand scale that they effected the performance. The company moved to Paris and played at the Alhambra in the middle of a very serious transport strike. Svetlana went to the theatre in a lorry, sewing her ballet shoes all the time. A strange quiet spectacle in so much upheaval.

Design for a ballerina

Julian Braunsweg arrived and arranged for her to join Metropolitan Ballet. Back to England, came she and Papa. Her first performance in England was at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in the autumn of 1947. In December of the same year, John Taras made *Designs with Strings* and Svetlana had her first created role.

The first that London saw of this work was when Metropolitan Ballet had a week's season at Wimbledon, early in the following year. This ballet has since gone into the repertoire of many companies and it remains a beautiful work. Though nobody has since brought such quality to the principal role as did Svetlana. The very real emotions which lift the work right out of the so-called abstract, were something personal to her at that time. It is doubtful whether to-day she could recapture her original interpretation. The ballet belonged to extreme youth and only youth could give it what it wanted.

Bears to the fore

As prima ballerina of Metropolitan Ballet she remained during its brief, but important, life. After the first performance in central London, at the Scala Theatre, Ninette de Valois was loud in her praise of "that wonderful dancer." Little did she realise that one day Svetlana would be one of *her* wonderful dancers.

For this season, Frank Staff created *Fanciulla delle Rose*. Svetlana, as the girl who is beset by seven sins on her way with a crown of roses for the Madonna, again had another ideal role.

Right: In the first act of Coppelia *for the Sadler's Wells Ballet. In the role of Swanilda, she has received acclaim from all quarters. She has, in fact, been considered by many to be the best interpreter of this role in the world today. During the winter she will be seen in it with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden*

Below: With her stepmother, Madame Lilyne Beriosova. This picture was taken on their departure from New York at the end of the recent Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet tour of America. Madame Lilyne is famous as a costume-maker. She has the secret of making tutus; an art which is understood by very few

Photos: Walter Owen

That her acting ability was equal to her growing ability as a dancer, was proved when this ballet was given on television. Her face reflected her reactions to each of the deadly sins.

She was now being billed as a baby ballerina. Whenever the company made its tours abroad she would be photographed holding a bunch of toy bears and other animals. Though such publicity was unfortunate when looked back on today, it was all that made one conscious that she was, in actual fact, still a child; her performance was so mature. All the time she was going to school—by post; in this way she passed her higher school certificate.

De Valois clairvoyance

She was in America when the Metropolitan finally folded. She had to go there for a few months, being an American citizen. When I heard this, I went straight to Ninette de Valois to ask her if it was not possible for Svetlana to join a Wells company. She was very keen on the idea but said that she would never dream of taking on Svetlana if there was any possibility of Metropolitan continuing as she would never take dancers from other companies. This is an interesting point to remember when anyone ever thinks that the main purpose of Sadler's Wells is to seduce dancers away from their companies—such an accusation has frequently been made.

Little further was heard of this interview until early in 1950, when it was announced that Svetlana was to join the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. With this company she has remained, sharing ballerina roles with Elaine Fifield, until today when she is about to move up to the company at Covent Garden.

During her stay in Rosebery Avenue, she has danced many roles but quite outstanding has been her interpretation of Swanilda in *Coppelia*. It is a curious thing that no British ballerina has ever been entirely successful in this role. Usually the production was blamed, and it must be admitted that the unsatisfactory productions in this country have a good deal to do with it. But a great artist should be able to overcome such hazards and occasionally Fonteyn has succeeded but she does not care for the role so it is hard to take her interpretation as seriously as one should.

Beriosova is a lyrical artist, therefore it is all the more surprising that she has made it something so personal. Her sense of humour comes bubbling up which is made more understandable when one knows her background. This, at the moment, is the peak of her career. Whether the curve continues to ascend, remains to be seen in the next few months with her new company.

She has unmistakable *ballerina assoluta* quality. From the moment she come on to a stage it is obvious to everyone. She gives the air of having a vast reserve of strength and of appearing to be above all other dancers; yet never is she outside the role or remote from the action. Markova has it, Fonteyn has it, Spessivtzeva had it. They are the aristocrats of the dance. Beriosova is well in this noble line so let us hope that it is in England that she is to be given further chance to continue her ascent.

Mander and Mitchenson

LYDIA THOMPSON. Photo by Silvy. 1867

LYDIA THOMPSON, like so many of her contemporary burlesque actresses started her career in the ballet, and earned a considerable reputation as a skilful and accomplished dancer in fairy spectacle. She made her debut as a principal dancer in the ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre just a hundred years ago, at the age of sixteen. Her long career on both sides of the Atlantic continued to her death in 1908. She can be said to be the first commercially photographed actress, forerunner of the Edwardian picture-postcard beauties. In the 1880's she could say, on a puzzle-card "Find the Maniac":

"I've been photographed like this, I've been photographed like that,
I've been photographed 'mid falling snow in a large and furry hat,
They have photographed me standing with my hands behind my back,
But I never have been taken as a raving Maniac."

In the 1870's she took a burlesque company to New York, which included a troupe of Blondes, who created havoc on Broadway and led to an incident in which Lydia Thompson publicly horsewhipped a gentleman of the Press.

SILVY, The photographer

SILVY was one of the early commercial photographers, working in the days immediately following the era of the Daguerreotype. He made his pictures more interesting by including informal backgrounds, as opposed to the more usual chairs, tables and painted back-cloths of his contemporaries. It must be remembered that in those days photography was not instantaneous, and the pose had to be held for what would now be considered an eternity. This prevented Ballerinas in particular from adopting a dancing attitude. For many years still to come a support was always introduced into pictures of dancers.

MARIANNA PITTERI in The Demon Bride. 1874

THE Demon's Bride was a burlesque opera by H. J. Byron, for which Jacobi wrote the music. It included the inevitable Dance Interludes. Pitteri danced as The Star of Hope in the "Karl's Dream" Ballet. It was first produced at the Alhambra, September 7th, 1874.

The support for the dancer, previously mentioned, is conspicuous in this photograph, and the recognised proportions of a ballerina of the period are all too obvious. Nevertheless,

it does convey the atmosphere of those old Alhambra Ballets in the dog days which followed the Romantic Era and preceded the coming of Genée to the Empire and the advent of the Russians.

Pitteri, a Venetian dancer born about 1840, came to the Alhambra in 1871 from the Paris Opera, where she made her debut in 1859. She remained the principal dancer at the Alhambra till 1874. Little is heard of her again, except that she died in poverty.

ERMINA PERTOLDI. 1875 (above)

PERTOLDI, another Italian, followed Pitteri as principal *danseuse* at the Alhambra, where she remained for a number of years, appearing in the incidental ballets to the operettas and the ballet interludes which, with other items, made up the long programmes then in favour. She is referred to as "a very handsome *danseuse* of statuesque proportions", the most of which the photographer mercifully hides from view. One feels that for this picture even the customary support would have been inadequate. It is difficult to believe that Pertoldi was only about twenty when she posed for this photograph. Before she came to London she had appeared at the Paris Opera. She married Tito Mattei, a composer of many remembered ballads, and lived till 1907.

SARA, THE KICKER. 1877 (left)

SARA WRIGHT, variously known as "Sara the Kicker" and "Wiry Sal", was a product of the early Music Halls. She danced as a child in a juvenile ballet at the old Oxford, and sprang to fame when Madame Colonna introduced "The Colonna Quadrille" at the Alhambra in 1870. It was said that the verb "to kick" had never been so actively conjugated before. Sensation was caused, and the Middlesex Magistrates refused to renew the licence and closed the theatre.

Emily Soldene, "The Queen of Opera-Bouffe", always on the look-out for something

choose their favourite old photographs

In complete contrast to previous months, we have asked Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson to choose their favourite old photographs from their famous theatre collection.

In a house in Sydenham, London, they have gathered together one of the finest collections of theatrical material in the country. The eight photographs they have chosen date back nearly a hundred years and end with the first world war. They are pictures of dancers, some well-remembered and loved; some who, simply by the mere existence of a photograph full of personality, have forced one to enquire into their careers.

that shocked, engaged the troupe, and after some alteration, presented it as "The Parisian Quadrille", with Mlle. Sara, (renamed after Sarah Bernhardt, then the rage) as Principal Dancer, to an astonished public at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington.

"Wiry Sal", who "had shorter skirts and longer legs than most girls, and kicked her agile heels a little higher than had previously been deemed possible, and was equally successful in dusting the floor with her back-hair", was the toast of London. She remained with Soldene's company on tour in England and America, leaving a trail of shocked matrons in her wake. It was when the company were in San Francisco in 1877 that this photograph was taken. We offer no excuses for its inclusion.

ADELINE GENÉE. 1910

ADELINE GENÉE first appeared at the old Empire in 1898, and while there, not only did she appear in the type of ballet then popular, but strove to bring back to our debased ballet stage the classics of the French School and to re-establish dancing in this country as one of the arts, and not a mere adjunct to a Music Hall entertainment. How far she succeeded is proved by the mere existence of a magazine like this, and our chance to contribute these notes.

Closely associated with her was the fabulous Wilhelm, who not only designed the costumes for the major proportion of the output of the musical stage from 1879 to 1910, but invented most of the ballets at the Empire and elsewhere. It was for Genée that Wilhelm in 1912 wrote, designed and produced at the London Coliseum *La Camargo*, a miniature ballet, which is illustrated here from a Press photograph of the time that captures more than any studio portrait the charm that was, and is, Dame Adeline Genée.

ANNA PAVLOVA. 1910

ON the foundation of the work of Genée and the French School, have been grafted in this country the achievements of the Russians, which first became known to Londoners with the arrival firstly of single ballerinas and their partners, and then the full magic of the Diaghilev company in 1911. Pavlova danced *Giselle* with the full Diaghilev company in London only in that first wonderful season, afterwards choosing her own parts, which took her to the four corners of the Earth. It was on the visit to Berlin which followed the second Paris season, that this beautiful photograph was taken.

TAMARA KARSAVINA. 1911 (top right)

AMONG the legendary names of the names of the first Diaghilev company, that of Tamara Karsavina has been the one to be mostly associated with this country. She has adopted us as her own, and we have seen her career blossom, and bear fruit amongst us.

At Covent Garden the night of June 24th, 1911, when partnered by Nijinsky, London saw Karsavina in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. That dream of perfect beauty, all too quickly over, is vividly recalled in this photo by Hoppé. He was a master of studio photographic art, in the time just before the camera could with ease capture the dancers in their own surroundings.

LEONIDE MASSINE. 1914 (below)

THE legend of Joseph, a wordless play, by Fokine was first produced in Paris in May 1914, by Diaghilev. This photo of the young Massine in his first part with that company brings an era to an end, to the distant rumble of guns. London saw the ballet on the 23rd of June, and on August 4th an old world crumbled.

ANTON DOLIN LOOKS AT—

WHEN, very shortly, the New York City Ballet makes a return visit to this country, their performances will coincide with Festival Ballet's next London season. I will not say "clash" though perhaps many ballet-lovers might use the word. But no two companies are run on more different lines than the American company, which owes its inception and artistic direction to George Balanchine, and the one with which, since its birth in August 1950, I have been so closely associated for the last two years.

The New York City Ballet is stamped all over with the unmistakable sign of the last of the great Diaghilev choreographers. Other American choreographers have contributed to the repertoire but, in my opinion, they only tend more than ever to stress the personality of George Balanchine, who has been the inspiration behind them.

When I was in New York last December, I had the opportunity and great pleasure of seeing three complete performances. They included ballets of which I had read the criticisms, but had not seen. As I am a classicist at heart, I was assured that I would strongly resent the new production of the White Act of *Swan Lake*. I went prepared to resent it, but must admit that in many ways I admired it. At the first performance, I found Cecil Beaton's décor brilliant. After I had seen it for the third time, I did not care for it quite as much.

I found many of the *pas*, arranged for the *corps de ballet* by Balanchine, fresh and not only in keeping with the original production but exciting and logical theatre. What I could not understand, though, was why so great a *maître de ballet* should have left intact the great *adagio*, the famous dance of the four cygnets, and the Swan Princess's solo—then credited himself with the choreography.

It reminded me of Serge Lifar who, for many years, gave himself credit for the choreography of *L'Aprés Midi d'un Faune*.

I hope London will be allowed to see this *Swan Lake* and that the powers that be at Covent Garden will not veto any other company dancing the classics and encroaching on their sacred domain.

DRIVE AND ENERGY

I feel sure that there is much to learn from the New York City Ballet. That goes for all English and European companies. The lighting is a superb factor and plays a vast and mightily important part in the ultimate presentation of the ballets. Oh, for an English Jean Rosenthal!

The terrific drive and energy of the American ballet boy and girl is still a wonder of this dancing age. There is no complacency about them, no satisfaction of ever having reached a goal, but a continual striving to be better and to emulate the best. There does not seem to be any of that feeling of, "I danced a principal role yesterday, I can't possibly go back into the *corps* now". And the American boy and girl seem to take just a little more pride and satisfaction in attaining physical perfection. A few too many pounds overweight and the dancer will diet or work many extra hours to lose that extra weight and so appear fit and trim before the public.

One cannot but admire the quiet but so completely authoritative manner of George Balanchine. In all the many years I have known him, I have never heard him raise his voice or lose his temper. I wish that could be said or written about me.

The last time the company came to London there was definitely a monotony about some of the programmes of ballet that they presented. A Balanchine ballet is always a Balanchine ballet. Dress it differently, play other music, it is always the same brilliantly devised pattern, cold, unemotional, but always crystal clear and of a rare jewel quality.

Those people who were of this opinion—and there were many—will change their mind during the company's next season. Every dancer and choreographer in this country should go to see them whenever possible, for there is much to learn and to assimilate from this fine organisation. The culture of its General Director, Lincoln Kirstein, allied to that of George Balanchine, has produced something really great.

I am sorry that Ballet Theatre, with its magnificent repertoire of classic and modern ballets (the greatest today) has not been able to come to Europe this year. For various reasons, its illustrious Director, Lucia Chase,

Tanaquil LeClercq and Jerome Robbins in Balanchine's Bourrée Fantasque
Photo: Platt Lynes

Nora Kaye in Jerome Robbins' The Cage
Photo: Walter Owen

The American Dancer in general and New York City Ballet in particular

was unable to consolidate arrangements for a European tour this season. I sometimes wonder where ballet in America, and the triumph of our own Sadler's Wells Ballet, would have been without her. But that is another story.

London should consider itself lucky that once again it will see the New York City Ballet. Comparisons, though odious, are good, particularly if arrived at constructively and not destructively.

Three principal dancers with N.Y.C. Ballet

NO one perhaps has watched the young American dancer grow up more than I have done. During my years in the United States, sooner or later I have seen them all pass before me at the Carnegie Hall Studio. Proud people of their chosen art, they have gone on improving, working, striving to emulate their famous predecessors. Rarely have they failed in their aspirations.

The American dancer has one wonderful example to show the dancers of other countries. They are never satisfied. A leading role may fall by chance at one performance to them. Days later it may be taken back by the director. But they will not feel that to return to the background of the *corps de ballet* is *infra dig*. On the contrary it will give them a further incentive to strive and work for the future. That is a tribute to the dancers of America.

NORA KAYE

IN late 1939 she was a member of the Ballet Theatre *corps de ballet*. A good honest dancer; intelligent and obviously anxious to show her worth, to improve. Always first at the rehearsals I called. Never forgetting any remark or observation I may have made the day before. I could rely on her and her knowledge of what had been passed on. A Russian, her real name was Koreff. I liked her, admired her, but the chance to show her in her real greatness to the American public for the first time was given to another. Antony Tudor's ballet *Pillar of Fire* and Nora Kaye were a landmark in the history of the American dance. Her success was emphatic and complete. She made the name of Tudor famous and acknowledged in New York and the great cities of the United States, just as his ballet *Pillar of Fire* made hers. With her wonderful open sense of sportsmanship, Nora would be the first to acknowledge this. He, on the other hand, would perhaps prefer otherwise. Whatever the outcome of the argument, today Nora Koreff, better known as Nora Kaye, is a great American dancer, an artist of the ballet, real, honest and true. I can pay her no finer compliment.

MARIA TALLCHIEF

MARIA TALLCHIEF, dancing sister of Marjorie (ballerina of the Marquis de Cuevas company) is lovelier in a way than her sister. Pale, exotic, like an orchid, she is a great American ballerina. I say ballerina and I mean it. Perhaps I cannot admire her as I would like to, for her art is mechanical, secure, serene and safe. But, alas, to me it has no loveliness. There is no Fonteyn, no Markova in her make-up, no personality of Danilova or of Krassovska or Arova. Still, she is wonderful to see, to know that one has seen her, but she does not haunt one's memory as so many have done before—Pavlova, Karsavina, Spessiva, so many others. . . .

JANET REED

A LITTLE being, blonde, amusing, charming, clever, and suddenly the stage is full of life. A "newness" has come upon the scene. It is the same pattern. Another Balanchine ballet. The same wonderful line, geometry and steel-like quality of design. Yet in a flash all is different. For on to the stage dances Janet Reed.

Jacques D'Amboise and Diana Adams in Ashton's Picnic at Tintagel. *It is still hoped that London will have the chance of seeing this second work for New York City Ballet by Frederick Ashton* *Photo: Melton Pippin*

Diana Adams and Francisco Moncion in Picnic in Tintagel. *The costumes were designed by Cecil Beaton*

Photo: Melton Pippin

Ballet made him— He made ballet

by EVAN SENIOR

Of all the names associated with ballet in Britain—and that includes names of "stars", dancers, choreographers, and all the thousand and one personages associated with it—that of Arnold Haskell is probably better known than any other, outside as well as inside the country.

AND if it is true to say that ballet in Britain "made" Arnold Haskell, it is equally true to say that Arnold Haskell made ballet in Britain.

Not alone. Others, in some cases, did far more than he. But just as the genius of Diaghilev lay in bringing the right people together at the right time to create a certain work, so the genius of Haskell lay in co-ordinating, at the right time, all the forces that wanted to create a British ballet and all the artists able to bring it about.

The present generation of ballet-goers probably heard of Arnold Haskell before they heard the name of a single dancer or a single ballet. It was Haskell who in the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties wrote, talked and "boosted" ballet, with an inspired enthusiasm which began by being irritating, forced responsible people to take notice of the gap in our artistic and cultural life, and eventually prodded even official sources to take notice.

We must not delude ourselves that we are, basically, a cultured nation, or that ballet or any other art except that of words grows naturally on our cultural roots. These things have been grafted on artificially. But once the grafts have taken, we see that they are good, and enjoy them. First of all, however, we need the prodders and nuisances like Haskell to persuade us that the effort will prove worthwhile.

He cannot remember when he first became interested in ballet. Thousands of people have told me the same story; but with this man it happens to be true. It was something that, like Topsy, "just growed" with him.

Today, when we talk of ballet, we usually mean dancing. But Haskell does not and never did. Ballet, to him, cannot be divided into its elements—it is the complete fusion of dancing, painting and music; and no single aspect is of any greater importance than any other. It is, too, a fusion of even wider aspects of culture—of pictorial and plastic art, of pictures and sculpture, and perhaps for Haskell with more accent on sculpture than on anything else.

That is not to say that Haskell has no interest in the components themselves. As an art-lover and collector he has spent much of his life searching for beautiful things—pictures, objects of art, sculpture; and today his home in Kensington is almost a gallery of these things.

There are no pictures of dancers on the walls, however. The only thing associated with dancing itself is sculpture—a lovely bronze casting of the original model for the great statuary group, *The Dance*, by Carpeaux, which adorns the lower facade of the Paris Opera.

One thing Arnold Haskell does not like to do about ballet is to look back. This is not because he wants to ignore the past, but because he is much more interested in the future.

But he is not entirely satisfied with the present.

"In the past," he says, "ballet was ballet—there was not the emphasis that exists today on choreography alone. As an art form, ballet has probably exerted more influence on culture in general through its music and its décor as through its choreography. In the days of Diaghilev you did not hear, as you do nowadays only of 'a ballet by such-and-such a choreographer'. Just as often, you heard people talking of 'the new Stravinsky ballet', or 'the new Bakst ballet'. These things were counted as of equal importance; today they seem to be, in the minds of the ballet public, only secondary."

Haskell is glad to see ballet so popular in Britain today—but not completely happy.

Arnold Haskell in 1931. *His first book,* Some studies in Ballet, *was published in* 1928. *His famous* Balletomania, *in* 1934.

"At one time," he says, "the ballet public was smaller, but it was a public of connoisseurs. Today it is a larger public, but I'm not quite sure whether it is completely the right public, with the right approach. It seems to be more interested in the stars of ballet than in ballet itself, and it will throng theatres in order to see a particular dancer rather than a particular ballet."

Ballet films, Haskell thinks, have helped to create this attitude. Of those he has seen, he is frankly disapproving. "They had the wrong approach to ballet," he says, "and they brought the wrong people to ballet."

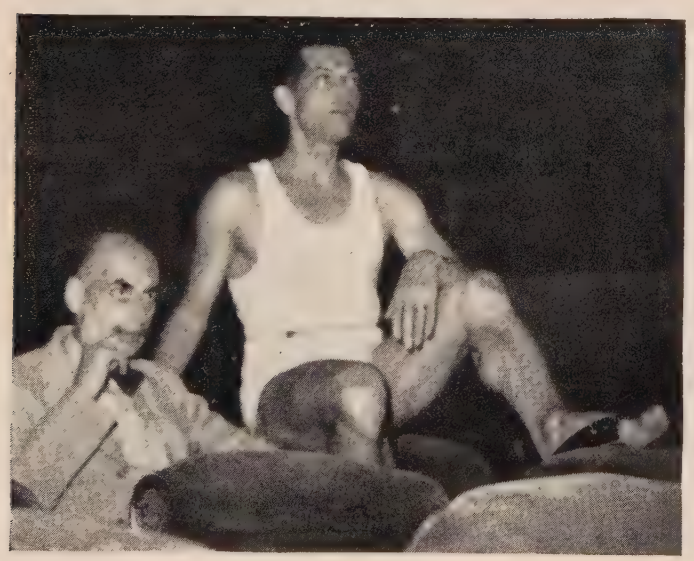
And the dancers?

"There is still much bad teaching of dancers," he declares. "A great deal has been done to correct this, but a great deal more remains to be done. In many cases, the teachers have been responsible for what so many people rightly call the effeminate manner of some of our male dancers. There is no need for a male dancer to be effeminate—he used to be an athlete, virile

(continued on page thirteen

Below. Haskell watching a rehearsal with Serge Lifar in Venice *Photo: Giacomelli*

Right. With Jean Babilée during a rehearsal of Le Jeune Homme et La Mort *for television at Alexandra Palace, London* *Photo: B.B.C.*



New Records

Brilliant Nutcracker

Casse-Noisette (Tschaikowsky): Suite No. 1; Suite No. 2 (arr. Fistoulari). Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, cond. Anatole Fistoulari. Decca Long-Playing, LXT 2611, 1 12-in., 39*s.* 6*d.*

A LITTLE while ago we had some correspondence and consequent talk about the *Casse-Noisette* music; and here seems to be the answer to everybody's prayers.

I am finding it very difficult to write about this record. I think it so good on all possible grounds that I fear I may be accused of over-praising it. To be frank, I do not think that possible.

The first suite we all know, backwards. Here are the *Miniature Overture*, the *March*, *Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy*, *Trepak* (Russian Dance), *Arab Dance*, *Chinese Dance*, *Dance of the Flutes* and *Waltz of the Flowers*. They have all been played so often that I had thought it would be difficult to listen to them once more. But not after I had started this record.

Here is a score in which so much depends on wood-wind and brass and on attack and precision; and here are French players, the world's best in these two spheres, giving us playing of the type we usually hear only when we "go to bed with the score" and hear it in our minds' ears. And what is more, here is a conductor who knows his ballet and who has managed to record the spirit as well as the sound.

This is music for the ballet as it really should be played, and it does make one understand why *Casse-Noisette* has, for all practical purposes, disappeared today. We have faint echoes of it sometimes; but before we can have anything approaching a performance we must have an orchestra like this, a conductor like this, and the spirit in the dancers which is instinct in this music—and which on this record I feel for what seems the first time.

And now for the second side—the music you hear so very rarely if at all, chosen and arranged as a suite by Fistoulari. First comes a Children's Party scene, the opening of the ballet, followed by a bright Coda from the last act; in the second group is the children's *pas-de-deux*, the presentation of the Nutcracker, and then the leaving of the children for bed. Then comes that majestic *pas-de-deux* from the final act, one of the noblest sweeps of music in all ballet, followed by the Waltz of the Snowflakes. After that is the Prelude to Act 2, which is not danced (but which ought to be); then the Spanish Dance (which ought *not* to be), ending with the final Waltz and Apotheosis.

Now, none of this is great music in the accepted sense of the term. But it is ballet music *in excelsis*, some of the most enchanting music ever written for the theatre, containing all the magic, the charm and the delight of fairy-tale fantasy. This orchestra seems to play it with all the perfection of fine musicians and all the imagination of childlike wonder. I have never, in all my experience of ballet music, found anything more completely captivating. The whole essence of ballet seems to have been captured.

The recording is excellent in all respects: the soaring sweep of Tschaikowsky's strings, the full rich tones of wood-wind and brass, and the whole feeling of sound weaving its way through the mass of the orchestra—all are here. This is without doubt the gramophone's best gift to ballet lovers. There is no praise in words high enough for it; and for myself, I can only express deep gratitude to conductor, players and recording company for such a splendid achievement.

Stormy petrel of ballet

Symphonie Fantastique (Berlioz). Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, cond. Eduard van Beinum. Decca Long-playing, LXT 2642. 1 12-in., 39*s.* 6*d.*

THIS music is the "stormy petrel" of ballet, and there has probably been more involved argument about it in ballet circles than about any other extraneous music taken and used for ballet, apart from the Brahms and Beethoven symphonies.

That Massine produced a choreographic masterpiece to it is unquestioned by those who have seen the work performed in the great days of the Russian Ballet. But neither the will nor the ability to produce it, seem to exist today in Britain.

The music, too, has been the centre for much argument. It is not by any means a good symphony, but its feverish air of shallow glitter carries it a long way. It is emotion run wild, the very antithesis of art; but if it is a little less than art it is nevertheless a little more than artifice; and at least it occupies a position almost unique. It is music with a story, and from a musical point of view there is no great sacrilege in putting that story into action.

Unfortunately for you who think of it as drama, both conductor and orchestra have thought of it, in this performance, as a symphony. That limits them at once. They play it well, competently, but without any spark of imagination. The story is as important as the written music, for it dictates the approach to it; and this approach is far too grimly intense to get anywhere near the desperate nervous shuddering that should colour every bar. What should be a nightmare becomes almost a neat piece of logic. And if you know the ballet, you will be thinking in one direction and Mr. van Beinum in another. You are both right and you are both wrong. The only perfection is in the recording: if you feel what this music should be you can hear the errors—or rather, the dullness in spots—only too well.

EVAN SENIOR

Records received

To be reviewed in full next month.

The Sleeping Princess (Tschaikowsky) Suite; *Caucasian Sketches* (Ippolitov-Ivanov): Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, cond. Roger Désormière. Decca, LXT 2610. 1 12-in., 39*s.* 6*d.*

ARNOLD HASKELL

continued from opposite page)

and brilliant. But in many cases he himself is not to blame completely. So many of his teachers have been women, and I do not think that a woman teacher, however good, can turn out the fine manly dancers of the type once so common and now so rare. A boy must have a male teacher, at least for the finishing-off process."

Haskell does not for a moment admit that British male dancers are as poor as many would have it. "They have not had a proper chance," he says. "So many of our male dancers of today had their early careers interrupted by the war, and by the demands of military training. That is why we are not so strong in male dancers today. I do not suggest that they should be exempted from this military service—that, too, would be a bad thing, for it would place dancers in a class apart and remove them from contact with life. But I feel that their future, and the future of a great art, should be given some consideration. There is no reason why they should not be allowed, as in France, to do their training near to centres of their art, so that they could continue their dancing in their own time, and so avoid the break which is so damaging in a career of this type."

And the future?

"Ballet is becoming more and more expensive to stage properly, and that means that it must be subsidised. That, in turn, means the end of private ballet companies in the future. I can see no prospects for them, for economic conditions alone will make it impossible for them to prosper, however fine they may be artistically. The future of ballet lies with the subsidised companies, for good or for ill. There is no reason why, with competent direction, it should not be for good."

One of the many reasons which incline Haskell to this opinion is his firm belief that a ballet company must have a school attached to it, a reservoir of capably trained artists to "feed" the company with new dancers. "This cannot pay for itself, either," asserts Haskell, himself nowadays director of just such a school. "But if ballet is to continue, it must have this reserve of new material, dedicated to the task and trained for it. It was the school which formed the basis for the great ballet of Imperial Russia, and it is the school which is the foundation of every ballet company."

For Arnold Haskell, British ballet today centres entirely around Dame Ninette de Valois, and, for that matter, so does its future.

"De Valois has made ballet what it is, and the credit for its development must go to her. Others have given a great deal, of course, but it is De Valois who has directed and formed these efforts into a concrete whole. I tremble to think what would happen if ever she left it. She has foresight, and the ability to translate that foresight into action; for her policy, though some may not be able to see this, has always been a long-term policy. She has adopted that from the beginning, and we are seeing the fruits of it today. She and I have been colleagues for many years, and often during that time I have disagreed with her on some points. But almost invariably she has proved right in the end.

"A dictator? Of course—ballet must have dictators, as long as they are dictators with knowledge, judgment, taste and foresight. Whether the dictator was in the Imperial Schools, or whether it was Diaghilev, or whether it is De Valois—it is the central direction of policy which counts. A committee cannot run a ballet company."

Haskell began as a ballet-lover—it was a mania rather than a love, and "balletomania" was his own word for what he felt for it. Throughout his long association with it he has done more than love it—he has translated that love into action, and today, as director of the Sadler's Wells School, he has reached the haven of his vocation in life. As a young man, education was his principal interest, ballet was his inspiration. Today he combines the two in what can truly be described as a "labour of love".

He gave Britain its enthusiasm for ballet in the past. He is concerned about its present. And quietly and unostentatiously, more in the background today than ever he has been, he is working slowly and steadily for its future.

TRIO FROM BALLET WORKSHOP

The Clinging Wife (Anne Lascelles) and her husband (Dudley Davies)

The Coquette (Domini Callaghan) and her two suitors (Norman MacDowell and Grahame McCormack)

Photos: Paul Wilson

FAREWELL

First given at The Mercury Theatre, on Sunday, May 11, by Ballet Workshop.

Choreography by Peter Darrell; Decor and Costumes by Hugh Stevenson; Music by Jean Francaix.

CAST

A Spectator .. .. Kenneth Smith

Allegretto Vivo

The Clinging Wife .. Anne Lascelles
Her Husband .. .. Dudley Davies

Scherzo

Coquette .. Domini Callaghan
Suitors .. .. Norman MacDowell and Grahame McCormack

Andante

A Soldier .. .. Edward Monson
His Lady .. .. Rosina Gay

Rondo

A Capricious Lady .. .. Joy Carter
Her Follower .. .. .. Jerry Burr
Two Friends .. .. Julia Arnold and Diana Payne

Violin .. .. Tom Rowlette
Viola .. Joan Wolstencroft
'Cello .. .. Cecil Beattie

AT a time when most young choreographers are more concerned with matter, Peter Darrell is concentrating on art. He is a student of form, and as such is a good each-way bet in the Young Choreographer's Stakes. Sensibly he is pre-occupied with learning to walk before he can run, and *Farewell* shows a distinct advance on his very promising first ballet, *Midsummer Watch*.

His new work is a divertissement threaded on the theme of parting; like *Les Rendezvous*, but at the exit gates of the park. Set to a Jean Francaix Sonatina for Violin, Viola and 'Cello, each of the score's four movements is used to depict a different type of farewell.

The first for a Clinging Wife (capitally played by Anne Lascelles) and her Husband is the best. In this Darrell shows a wit not lived up to by the rest of the ballet. The second is a *pas de trois* for a Coquette and two Suitors, which is inventive and would be seen to far better advantage on a larger stage.

This is followed by a Soldier and his Lady in a conventional romantic *pas de deux* to the Slow Movement, the Rondo being used for the introduction of a Capricious Lady, with an entourage of two friends and a follower, and a finale for the entire cast.

It is difficult to impart cohesion to divertissement form. Darrell has attempted to solve this difficulty by the use of a Spectator, who is the aloof, though not completely detached, observer, cynically watching the antics of the various lovers. This solution is not entirely satisfactory; possibly Darrell would have done well to take a hint from Ashton and, as in *Les Patineurs* and *Les Rendezvous*, mingled his dancers rather than kept them in the water-tight compartments of their own sections until the brief finale.

While the motif of farewell was obvious in the first and third movements it was by no means so apparent in the other two. Also after his uncompromisingly witty beginning it might have been more effective to have made an out-and-out comedy ballet.

The cast was excellent. The technical demands put upon them by the choreographer were not, perhaps, extensive; however they danced well. Domini Callaghan, as in all the work she has done at Ballet Workshop, was outstanding.

Hugh Stevenson's pleasing décor was outshone by his beautiful and sumptuous costumes, although these did not blend too well together in the finale.

C. B.

The Soldier (Edward Monson) and his Lady (Rosina Gay). This pair of parting lovers was more soulful than the others

The photographs give some idea of the lavish costumes by Hugh Stevenson. The general high standard of production has been one of the most encouraging features of every Ballet Workshop programme. There has never been anything slap-dash or amateurish about any of the ballets. Very different from many productions put on in tiny theatres on a tiny budget

Photo: Paul Wilson

LIVING IMAGE

First given at The Mercury Theatre, on Sunday, May 11, by Ballet Workshop.

Choreography by Jack Carter; Music by Leonard Salzedo; Decor and Costumes by Norman MacDowell.

CAST

Two Nymphs	Naida Lane and Diana Quisakay
Narcissus	Harold Holness
Echo	Val de Maré
The Reflection	Elesto Cortez
Piano	Michael Hobson
Harp	Ann Forsyth
Trumpet	Denis Egan
Percussion	Roy Watling

This ballet was originally commissioned from Ballet Workshop by the B.B.C. for production by Christian Simpson, and televised on May 21, 1951, with Natalie Krassovska, John Gilpin, Domini Callaghan, Yvonne Cartier and Norman MacDowell.

The programme note said, A version of the legend tells how the nymph who could only respond as an echo destroys Narcissus with his own reflection."

The present production retains the original music and story, but exploits a different idiom.

MOST unfortunately not having seen the ballet's original television production, I am unable to compare it with this new version. Carter has re-shaped his choreography, within a new idiom, and now employs an all-Negro cast.

The choreographic style, presumably evolved by experiments on the capabilities of the dancers, is original, and would appear to owe little to Dunham or Primus, and even less to any of Carter's previous work. The difficulties implied by such a work are challenging, and the work's unified style is a measure of the choreographer's success.

Apart from its unusual dance vocabulary the ballet is not markedly different in construction from a work produced for classical dancers. The choreography was vigorous, full of new and interesting movements. Typical of its method was the solo for Narcissus, in which such movements as the dancer tumbling round in an arc were used in a manner precisely analogous to the way spins might be employed in a classical variation.

The theme of the ballet was one which must have held considerable possibilities for television. In the stage adaptation while episodes like Narcissus watching his reflection present little difficulty (both Charrat and Lichine have already produced ballets using "mirror-images"), others such as when Narcissus is strangled by his own reflection must inevitably be less effective on the stage than on the screen, which gives so much more scope to production trickery.

Leonard Salzedo's harsh, dissonant score evoked an immediate response from the dancers, who possessed the peculiar rhythmic sensibilities of their race. Harold Holness danced with hypnotic intensity as Narcissus.

Norman MacDowell's décor and costumes, the imaginative production and excellent lighting all added much to the work's success.

C. B.

Narcissus (Harold Holness) is confronted by the Two Nymphs (Naida Lane and Diana Quisakay) in Jack Carter's new version of his Living Image *Photo: Paul Wilson*

RONDE FINALE

First given at The Mercury Theatre, on Sunday, May 11, by Ballet Workshop.

Choreography by Cecil Bates; Music by Albeniz; Costumes by Imogen Stookes.

Mary Munro and Cecil Bates.

. . . Then the old man said—
"She whose love must kill, must
find her peace at the river's bed."

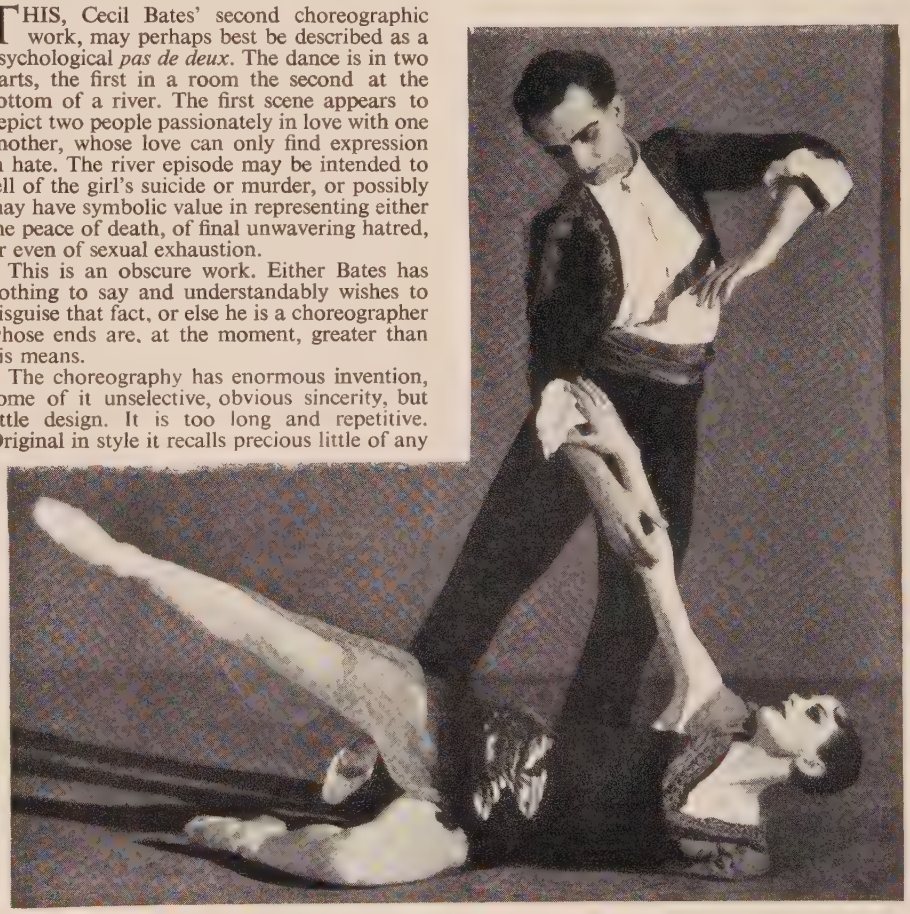
THIS, Cecil Bates' second choreographic work, may perhaps best be described as a psychological *pas de deux*. The dance is in two parts, the first in a room the second at the bottom of a river. The first scene appears to depict two people passionately in love with one another, whose love can only find expression in hate. The river episode may be intended to tell of the girl's suicide or murder, or possibly may have symbolic value in representing either the peace of death, of final unwavering hatred, or even of sexual exhaustion.

This is an obscure work. Either Bates has nothing to say and understandably wishes to disguise that fact, or else he is a choreographer whose ends are, at the moment, greater than his means.

The choreography has enormous invention, some of it unselective, obvious sincerity, but little design. It is too long and repetitive. Original in style it recalls precious little of any other choreographer, although parts are possibly reminiscent of Gore.

Mary Munro danced extremely well, and both she and Bates (who had allotted himself a rather static role) projected considerable emotion. Possibly it was this that moved me, even when I was aware that much of the choreography was slightly amateurish. Nevertheless I feel that if Bates can master his craft he has the makings of a good choreographer. Certainly Ballet Workshop should give him every encouragement.

C. B.



Mary Munro and Cecil Bates in Ronde Finale. *This second work by Cecil Bates for Ballet Workshop showed a great advance on his first,* The Ballad of Clerk Saunders, *which was featured in our March issue*

Photo: Paul Wilson

curtain up!

Compiled by Jeffrey Solomons

Alicia Markova talking to Roland Petit on the set during the shooting of the Hans Anderson film for which Petit is doing the choreography. The great ballerina was on her way through Hollywood en route for South America. She was due to dance at the Colon Opera House in Buenos Aires in July. Recently, however, her performances have been cancelled. It is still rumoured that she may appear as guest ballerina at Covent Garden

Dancer Designers

KENNETH MACMILLAN of Sadler's Wells is probably one of the most versatile dancers the company owns. His performances in the purely classical Florestan *pas-de-trois* and as the riotously robust Ugly Sister in *Cinderella* are proof of this. Not many people know that he is equally versatile off-stage. Amongst other accomplishments he is a very clever caricaturist and also a stage designer. Habitués of Ballet Workshop will have seen some of his work in Peter Darrell's *Midsummer Watch*, although they may not have realised it; he works under the *nom-de-scène* of Kenneth Aadams.

Another dancer-designer is New York City Ballet's Ruth Sobotka. Judging from photographs of her costumes for Jerome Robbins' *The Cage*, her work will leave no uncertain impression on British audiences. This member of the *corps-de-ballet* will be remembered for her wit in sophisticated comedy ballets such as Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque*.

Imperial Tamara

IN the Imperial Russian Ballet it was always the privilege of the great ballerinas to interpolate variations of their own, to exploit their qualities and technique. Tamara Toumanova has brought this custom up-to-date. In the film-biography of Sol Hurok, in which she plays Anna Pavlova, she felt that dancing excerpts from *Giselle* would not provide her with enough action and so has changed it for *The Nutcracker*. This seems a pity; the other would have provided a good opportunity for Mama Toumanova to play Giselle's mother.

Ego-mania in Edinburgh

JOHN CRANKO'S new ballet for the Edinburgh Festival is to have music by John Gardner who is a repetiteur to the opera at Covent Garden. This will be his first ballet although he has had experience in the field of theatrical composing in writing incidental music for plays. His score for this ballet will contain some music in the jazz idiom to accompany a little boy who symbolises the hero's warlike self. The ballet itself is a study of an ego-maniac who converts all around him to his own way of thinking, including a girl representing his negative. When she is exactly like him, he can no longer stand her. He kills her, thus killing himself. This novel version of the Narcissus legend sounds most enthralling.

No see who play

THE Directors of Sadler's Wells Theatre have hit on an excellent method of raising the standard of orchestral playing. They recently held an audition at which instrumentalists played anonymously and out of sight. The result of this was that sixteen members of the orchestra will not have their contracts renewed at the end of the season in early July; they will be replaced next season.

Goodbye to exploitation

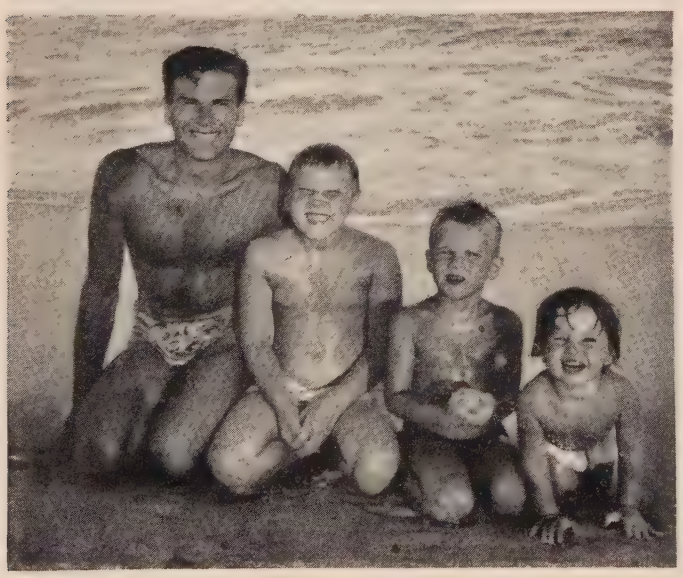
OF the gravest importance is the decision taken by Equity, the theatrical performers union, demanding a minimum weekly wage of seven pounds ten shillings for all dancers. This means that the former exploitation of dancers will have to cease. It also means that those small companies which existed on the low salaries accepted by their dancers may be unable to continue to exist.

New partner for Dame Ninette?

SOUTH AFRICA'S Cape Town University offers an extension course in Ballet including an examination complete with a paper on ballet appreciation. A question was recently asked: "Write a few words on (*a*) Richard Buckle; (*b*) Ninette de Valois; and (*c*) Isadora Duncan." One bright candidate answered: "Richard Buckle is a famous British *Danseur Noble;* Ninette de Valois is Prima Ballerina of Sadler's Wells Ballet and is often partnered by Richard Buckle; and Isadora Duncan was a lady who wore little clothing and liked lots of men."

Gordon and Nelson in retreat

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET will lose two valuable artists when Josephine Gordon and Sheila Nelson leave this month. They were both members of the original company formed in 1946 who, after dancing elsewhere, rejoined for the recent North American tour. Josephine Gordon was a soloist with both Metropolitan Ballet and Alan Carter's St. James's Ballet, while Sheila Nelson danced for four years with Sadler's Wells first company. Both excel in comedy roles and I still



André Eglevsky with his children on the beach near his house at Jones Beach, U.S.A. They are André junior (aged 9), Paul (aged 5) and Marina (aged 3)

Eglevsky is due to dance with the New York City Ballet at Covent Garden during July and August but, at the time of writing there are still rumours that he may join Ballet Theatre in Hollywood

happy birthday to...

		July
Ross Hotson	Continental Ballet	14
Beatrice Tompkins	New York City Ballet	14
Patricia Wilde	New York City Ballet	16
Joan Cadzow	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	17
April Olrich	Sadler's Wells Ballet	17
Beatrice Mosena	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	19
David Paltenghi	formerly Rambert Ballet	20
Anne Negus	formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet	21
Angela Bailey	Continental Ballet	22
Julia Farron	Sadler's Wells Ballet	22
Richard Brown	Continental Ballet	25
Hermione Harvey	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	25
Stella Farrance	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	26
David Blair	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	27
Anton Dolin	Festival Ballet	27
Jacques d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	28
Una Russell	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	29
Andrea Karlsen	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	30
		Aug.
Margaret Cameron	Continental Ballet	1
Leslie Edwards	Sadler's Wells Ballet	7
Richard Adama	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	8
Jack Carter	Ballet Workshop	8
Dorothy Walker	International Ballet	9
Vladimir Arapoff	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	10
Georges Golovine	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	10
Sigurd Leeder	formerly Ballets Jooss	14
John Cranko	Sadler's Wells Organisation	15

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them C/O DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

occasionally have the giggles over memories of both Josephine Gordon's naughty Amor in Frank Staff's *Lovers Gallery*, and Sheila Nelson's giddy Fox-Trotter in *Facade*. Neither has yet decided on future plans.

The dancing Claires

A PROUD mother must be that of Irene and Stella Claire. Her two daughters are both dancers of accomplishment and girls of great charm. Stella, the elder, is a well-known soloist with Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, whose recent creation of Blanche, the sugary bride in *Pineapple Poll*, seems even fresher after five months of touring the U.S.A. Her sister Irene studied with her, firstly with Marjorie Middleton in their native Edinburgh and later at the Sadler's Wells School. She was a leading soloist in Ivor Novello's *King's Rhapsody*, and is now appearing at the Glyndebourne Opera Festival.

Warm gypsy, frozen audience

CARMEN AMAYA, the Spanish Gipsy dancer, was married in Paris to the guitarist, Juan Aguero, a few months ago. Miss Amaya seems to have formed an unfortunate opinion of London's audiences after her recent season, she said, "They were so cold they might have been out on a Scottish moor during a snowstorm."

Bouquets in Barcelona

AT the end of the New York City Ballet's last performance at Barcelona they were honoured with a ceremony known as "homage to the Company"—something which happens only in Spain.

All the dancers assembled on the stage and while the audience stood cheering and applauding, enormous baskets of flowers were placed in front of the ballerinas and the *corps* received large bouquets. All the girls were given beautiful white lace mantillas and each of the boys, Toledo-ware cuff-links. Then flowers were showered from the boxes while white pigeons were released to swoop and flutter above the stage and a rain of laurel leaves hissing came down from the "flies". It was all entirely unexpected and a wonderful ending to a very successful season.

Wilbert Bradley, one of the principal male dancers of the Katherine Dunham company. In the past few years he has taken over the famous villain role in the three-scene ballet, L'Ag'ya. *In his lighter moments he seems to have the personality of Harpo Marx, especially in an enchanting Mexican number where he intrigues two girls by playing on his shepherd's pipe*

This is one of the first photographs of a dancer taken by Vince, better known for his physical strength photographs which are known and admired all over the world. This excursion into the field of the dance may lead to new approach to ballet photography

Arena ballet in excelcis

LEARNING from the mistakes of others, Festival Ballet will have a specially constructed stage when they appear at the Royal Festival Hall at the end of July. The lack of decor and front curtain which so marred the seasons of International Ballet and the Original Ballet Russe, will be eradicated by a clever device invented by Festival Ballet's manager—Benn Toff. This includes a stage based on the principal of the Bailey Bridge. It will give the company one of the largest dancing areas to be found in a London Theatre. The L.C.C. regulations, concerning fire precautions, will be overcome by making everything non-inflammable; this includes a spun-glass cyclorama. Decors will be used and other effects will be obtained by cinematic projection. Congratulations to Festival Ballet for so resourcefully overcoming their difficulties.

Russian ballerina goes Scottish

ON her return to London from the current Festival Ballet provincial tour, Natalie Krassovska is to revert to her original name—Nathalie Leslie. This, her own name, is the one under which she first danced; her mother's stage name, Krassovska, was used on the insistence of Massine when she joined his company in 1937. The name Leslie is a Scottish one and is inherited from her grandfather who, as a professional soldier, fought in Russia and finally married and settled there. She is a third generation ballerina, her mother having been one of the most beautiful of Diaghilev's dancers. This decision to change back to a British name has come about as it was thought to be more suitable for a London company, also easier for a British audience to pronounce. How times change!

Balletographies

by PETER APOSPOROS

4. GUEST BALLERINA

INEZ de Cobra was dissatisfied. She had danced with the Gargantua Ballet Company for twelve years. Her mother had a rich friend who had made it worth the company taking little Inez into the *corps de ballet*, but her path from cygnet to Swan queen had surprised everyone. On the way she had acquired many little gifts the tiny parure in rose diamonds (such plain good taste), the so simple tiara in emeralds, not to mention the numerous bracelets, clips, brooches and earings. Her little collection became famous. Such baubles were what the public paid to see, so why shouldn't they see them? This question Inez asked herself nightly.

So one day, she took the bull by the horns, or rather, the diamonds by the clasps, and put them all on (the best of them) in *Sleeping Beauty*. After all, she was supposed to be a princess so why should she not have the correct regal accessories. The audience gasped with amazement, the management gasped with fury. There was a rumpus! Every other ballerina threatened to leave, but not Inez. She did not threaten, she just left.

If Gargantua did not like her well-earned treasure, she decided, then she would go elsewhere. The world should get the benefit of what she had done for art. She had her jewels, her *arabesque* and her *fouetées* (sixty-four each way on a sixpence).

She became Queen of the Arena and managed to dazzle those even in the remotest regions of any football stadium. Not, perhaps, entirely by her technique but what did it matter provided the public continued to pay. When ever a company found the box-office receipts dropping, it would cable to Inez. And she would come; at a price.

The price could not always be measured in pounds, shillings and pence (shillings and pence seldom came into it), for Inez had a tongue. The formula was always the same. On arrival with any company she would be loaded with presents and milk and honey. Everyone was under her spell. Then her tongue began to work. First it was her billing, then her dressing-room, then the company, then the conductor, finally it was the public who were accused of not appreciating her. Everyone had a dreadful time; there was no peace.

But Inez was, and is, a great artist—but not in the generally accepted sense. In spite of all the upheavals she managed to part on good terms with everyone. Other ballerinas and, in fact, the entire company would weep genuine tears at her departure. So as to lighten their sorrowing hearts they would contribute several weeks salary in order to give her a little parting gift—a teeny weeny diamond. This she would show to the next company so that they in their turn could do better.

MIME FOR BEGINNERS

by FELICITY GRAY

Excerpts from the chapter on Mime in Felicity Gray's *Ballet for Beginners* (published by Phoenix House, 12/6d.) based on the famous television series of the same name.

Domini Callaghan and David Paltenghi in Act 2 of Swan Lake. *The Prince's position means 'protect', that of Odette means 'thank you'*

Photo: Gordon Anthony

MIME is the oldest form of expression in the world; its origins go back beyond coherent speech. Even today, we make use of mime, when we meet a foreigner who does not understand English, when we play Dumb Crambo, or that exciting American import known as "the Game".

Mime is simply a sign language, and classical ballet uses it to tell its very complicated stories. No language is much use if only the person speaking it can understand it; though one may pick up a word here and there which sounds the same in English, the general sense is entirely lost. It is the same with mime. We all know how infuriated we get in party games when our friends fail to understand our desperate gesticulations and grimaces.

Similarly, the passages of mime in classical ballet tend to become boring and very irritating. We can gather roughly what is going on, but it all seems much too long and much too static. In the opening of Act II of *Swan Lake*, for example, there is an exchange of mime between the Swan Queen and the Prince, in which it is easy enough to gather that she is entreating him not to shoot and he is promising not to, but there is a lot more to it than that. If we could only understand the whole conversation, it would at least save us from crouching between the seats trying to read the programme notes by the light of a match.

During the twentieth century, the public for ballet has grown wider and wider. It no longer consists solely of connoisseurs. Consequently, the mime scenes are nowadays often cut or slurred over, in the hope that the audience has already read the story in the programme. But if one knows what the dancers' gestures mean, then the mime scenes become as fascinating as the dances, and the plot becomes clearer than any programme note can make it.

Mime gestures can be divided into two categories—practical, that is any gesture easily recognizable because it is common sense, gestures that anybody might make to a companion on the other side of the street or when speaking through a window; and formal, those gestures which are traditional signs and just have to be learnt.

Formal gestures are rather like the road sign in the Highway Code. Who knows what a triangle or a torch stuck up on a pole by the side of the road indicates until the meaning is explained to them? Yet there is logic behind the road signs; the torch of learning is a reasonable enough sign for a school, once you know about torches of learning. Similarly, there is usually the same sort of logic behind the formal mime gestures. For instance, royalty is denoted by what at first seems to be a general flapping of the hands round the head; but these movements are, in fact, outlining a crown and, after a bit, one realises that "king" and "queen" are indicated with two hands, while "prince" or "princess" employ only one. It is all quite logical once you *know*! Not so long ago my husband caused a shocked stir in Covent Garden, during a mime scene in *Swan Lake*, by asking in a loud voice whether the Queen was asking her son if he had washed behind the ears; he now knows enough to understand that she was asking him why he remained a bachelor and suggesting that he take his pick from the ladies of the Court.

It is these *formal* mime gestures which have come down to us from the Commedia dell'Arte. There are slight complications, due to the fact that some gestures have several meanings and one has to guess which meaning is intended from the context, and the manner or expression with which it is performed.

Then there are the words which can be done in two ways. For instance, "dance", as a gentle, romantic character would act it, is a gentle movement through 5th Position. But a peasant character would do a "step hop" twice instead of the graceful *port-de-bras*. This is quite in order—after all, one does not expect a farm labourer to talk with a public school accent!

All mime gestures must be unhurried and done with conviction. They must be very exact and as simple as possible. This is by no means as easy as it sounds when one has to keep in time to the music and in character with one's rôle.

There is only one golden rule about mime—anything is permissible so long as it is clear to the audience, including those furthest away. But the audience must play its part and learn the traditional *formal* gestures. Remember that, when these classical ballets were first presented sixty to a hundred years ago, most of the audience "learnt the language" as a matter of course. Today formal mime is used less and less to tell the story and it is only in the classical ballets that one finds passages of conversation in the old-style mime, quite separate from the dancing.

The grammar of mime may seem odd when literally translated: "You me paid not why?" "You me shoot not please" and so on. This is due partly to the fact that sentences are still put together according to French grammar (as they were when first used in ballet), and also because the gestures must be arranged to the music and, like the dance steps, must fit the musical phrase as well as following each other smoothly and beautifully. Syntax comes a very poor second to all these priorities! Understanding mime sentences is rather like reading back someone else's shorthand.

Just as there is character dancing, so there is character mime. In the same way that an actor may speak the same lines in different dialects, so the dancer will make mime gestures in the manner in which the character he is portraying would make them. For this reason character mime may be harder to understand than straight mime, but a dancer must be careful not to overdo the character and so make the mime unintelligible, just as an actor must not be carried away by a Scots or Yorkshire part so that a London audience doesn't know what he's talking about. An over-enthusiastic character dancer in a mime sequence can become incomprehensible, not only to the audience, but even to the other dancers on the stage.

Mime is not a dead art. It can never die as long as people meet who cannot speak or understand each other's language. We have only to watch the children, or ourselves for that matter, trying to convey something to a friend behind a third person's back. Far from dying, new gestures come into being year after year. What about the thumbs up of "O.K." "just the job", or "wizard"? (thanks to the R.A.F. the latter has rather altered its meaning since the days of classical ballet). And the hitch-hiking sign, "going my way?"

There is one last point about mime. We have seen how many of its gestures are the same for more than one word. Of course, most of them are made clear by the context of the mime

sequence, just as the difference between "bough", "bow", etc., are clear in speaking although they are pronounced the same. In mime a further distinction can be made by the use of facial expression. It provides the same "punch" to gesture that vocal inflection does to speech; for instance, Marshall Hall, the famous K.C., once secured an acquittal on a charge of murder, by basing his case on the way in which the accused had cried: "Speak, speak, speak."

If you think that much of this mime business is mere hair-splitting and all too erudite and difficult, just think of Harpo Marx. He never speaks a word, but is one ever at a loss to know what he means? That's mime.

EXAMPLE OF MIME SCENE

Dialogue between ODETTE, the Swan Queen, and Prince SIEGFRIED, from *Swan Lake*, Act II.

P.: You—fly away—not.
(*Do not fly away.*)
O.: I—you—afraid.
(*I'm afraid of you.*)
P.: Why?
O.: You—me—shoot.
(*You will shoot me.*)
P.: I—you—shoot—never—I- you—protect.
(*I will never shoot you. I will protect you.*)
O.: Thank you.
P.: You—here—why.
(*Why are you here?*)
O.: I—queen—swan.
(*I am the Swan Queen.*)
P.: I—you—salute—you—queen—swan—why.
(*I honour you. Why are you the Swan Queen?*)
O.: Wait there—lake—my—mother—tears . . .
(*I will tell you. That lake over there was made by my mother's tears.*)
One—magician—me— queen—swan . . .
(*A magician turned me into the Swan Queen.*)
But—if—one—me—love—me—marry . . .
(*But if someone loves and marries me.*)
I—save I—swan—no more.
(*I shall be saved and will no longer be a Swan.*)
P.: I—you—love—I—you—marry. . .
(*I love you and will marry you.*)
I—swear—magician—where.
(*I swear it. Where is this magician?*)
O.: There (*pointing to Rothbart's lair*)—mercy.
(*Over there. Have mercy (on me).*)
P.: I—shoot.
(*I will shoot him.*)

(He is stopped from this rash course by ODETTE, who holds an *Arabesque* right in the line of fire.)

DICTIONARY OF MIME MOVEMENTS

AFRAID, FEAR, FRIGHTEN. Hide the face with the hands and push away.

BUILD, BUILT, MAKE. Strike the palm of one hand twice with the clenched fist of the other.

CAD (a modern interpolation). The twiddling of imaginary moustachios.

CARRY. A movement as of picking up a child, one hand coming from each side.

DANCE. Both arms above the head, one hand above the other, a small *port de bras* circling the hands round each other, open them through the fifth position. A peasant depicts "dance" by step, hop, once each side, the leg raised in front, arms in second position opposite the raised leg.

DRINK. Movement as though raising a glass and drinking.

FLY AWAY. Both arms wave together, from low position to high, starting on the side nearest the person addressed and ending away from him. Two steps away are usually added.

FORGET, KNOW, REMEMBER. Tip of the first finger of either hand on the temple.

GREET. A courtesy movement of one hand, towards the person greeted, from the shoulder, and with a slight bow of the head.

HEAR. Tap the lobes of the ears twice with the middle finger of each hand.

HOUSE. Hands held flat, thumbs together, fingers towards person addressed; then outline the shape of a house—roof, walls, floor.

Beautiful, Girl, Woman (or beautiful girl, woman)

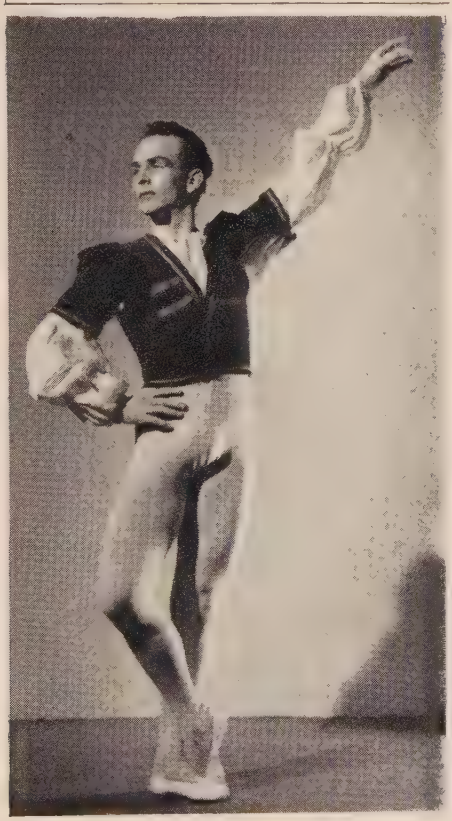
Start to outline the shape of the face

Use the back of the tip of the middle finger as you pass through the positions

The hand turns as it passes the forehead

Photos: Gordon Anthony

Dancer you will know



CECIL BATES

Born in Australia where he received his early training. Joined Ballet Rambert in 1948 *during its Australian tour, and came with it to England. Made his British debut at the Mercury Theatre in* Ballet at Eight *in* 1949. *Has been with the Rambert ever since. Married to Mary Munro. Principal roles:* Giselle pas de deux; Swan Lake pas de trois; *Mazurka in* Les Sylphides; *the Lover in* Les Masques; *Popular Song in* Façade; *Tyrolese in* Soirée Musicale; *Third Song in* Dark Elegies; *Mortal under Venus in* The Planets; *Huntsman in* Lady into Fox; *Wolf in* Peter and the Wolf; Czernyana; Winter Night; *Knave in* Scherzi della Sorte. *Principal Creations: Second Dancer in* Fireflies; *Red in* Prismatic Variations; *Sporting Gentleman in* Fate's Revenge; *Pardoner and Parson in* Canterbury Prologue.

CECIL BATES is short and stocky. A sound rather than brilliant technician, he has greatly improved since his first performances at The Mercury in 1949. He has given good performances in the *Giselle pas de deux* and the *Swan Lake pas de trois*, as well as in Tudor's *Dark Elegies* and *The Planets*.

He has been principal classical dancer to the Rambert Ballet for about two years. Today he finds himself in a position of considerable responsibility. He is now probably the most experienced dancer with the company, and on him must fall the burden of many of the leading rôles in the Rambert's magnificent repertory.

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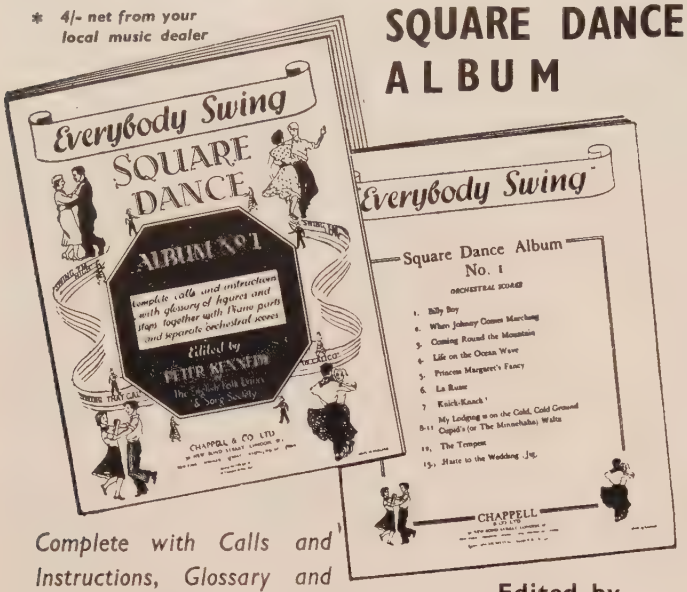

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DANCE SCRIBES FROM ACROSS THE WATER

The Art of the Dance in French Literature, by Deirdre Priddin (A. & C. Black, 20*s.*)

FOR many months I have looked forward to this book. The French writers on the dance were on a plane far higher than those of any other country. They were first and foremost—poets. There was no shortage of newsprint. There was plenty of space to weave beautiful webs of words round aspects which, while in no way irrelevant, were not perhaps completely on the bull's eye. Today's writers on the dance have just cause for being envious. I had looked forward to many masochistic hours wallowing in the lushness of Gautier or the sparkling and brittle philosophy of Cocteau. I had, in fact, expected a symposium.

Having misguidedly formed a preconceived idea of what the volume would be like, I was not entirely prepared for a most learned thesis. Deirdre Priddin is more concerned with the writer's approach to the dance than his literary result. She had taken snippets (some in French, some in English) from the writings of authors from Gautier to Valéry. Around these raped sentences and various biographical facts, she has built her thesis with enormous skill. A great deal of it is brilliant, but it is bolstered up by a superabundance of detail.

Books on the literature of the dance have long been needed but I cannot help feeling that today's readers would like to consider the exact words of these great writers before any analytical thesis is embarked upon. I have a great mistrust of sentences taken out of context because their full meaning is seldom arrived at unless seen in relation to their environment. It is as if somebody took a single theme from a Brahms symphony and said, "This is the musical content of the entire work."

The book is prefaced by short sales-talk from Arnold Haskell; and some which is considerably more lengthy from Cyril Beaumont. This hardly seems necessary as Miss Priddin appears to be perfectly capable of standing on her own two feet. Her viewpoint of dance aesthetics is very sound and, for those who care to look deeply, there is much that is stimulating and full of inspiration.

[ROOTS OF THE DANCE]

Dances of France (Vol. 3, The Pyrenees), by Violet Alford.
Dances of Poland, by Helené Wolska.
Dances of Rumania, by Miron and Carola Grindea.
Dances of Yugoslavia, by Ljubica and Danica Jankovic (Max Parrish, each volume, 4*s.* 6*d.*)

THESE four volumes, now bring the total of books in this series on National Dances up to twenty-four. There is not the slightest doubt that they are playing a great part in our clearer understanding of the dances which are the accompaniment to seasonal and religious festivals all over the patch-work continent of Europe. They are rather sketchy and those who wish to delve deeper will have to look elsewhere. This fact was made clear when the Yugoslav State Company was recently at the Cambridge Theatre. The dances of that country have great variety and a volume could be devoted to each region. The whole of Yugoslavia is only lightly touched-upon in the present book. The series as a whole, however, is useful to everyone interested in the deep roots of dancing as well as their embellishments.

P. W.

EXPECT THESE

Religious Dances	Prof. E. Louis Backman	Published by Allen & Unwin
Dictionary of Ballet Terms	Kersley and Sinclair	,, ,, A. & C. Black
Antonio: a study	C. W. Beaumont	,, ,, A. & C. Black
Beginning Ballet	Celia Sparger	,, ,, A. & C. Black
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Dance and Drama in Bali	Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies	,, ,, Faber

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Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

FONTEYN IN GISELLE

WHEN a ballerina, such as Fonteyn, reaches great heights, there is a tendency for everyone to pick on each tiny fault and completely neglect the performance as a whole. The language of praise is limited and it is easier (but not cleverer) to destroy.

In the past it has been the fashion to dismiss Fonteyn's Giselle as something that was of no considerable importance—it was overshadowed by her Aurora and Odette-Odile.

The truth is that the role takes at least a decade to completely master and then another five years on to that before perfection is reached. Fonteyn has realised this and has quietly, and gradually, got to work on it. Her return, on May 14, after a considerable period of absence from the role, showed a new depth of understanding.

There is an important point in the character of Giselle, the girl, which is ignored by almost everyone to-day—her fanatic love of dancing. This, surely, is the crux of the plot which Fonteyn most graphically conveys. She is a person whose entire body vibrates with a love of the dance. As she is so obviously healthy, one wonders how the transition to madness is going to be achieved. It happens quite naturally. Her blind fury at having been deceived (a perfectly normal reaction in a young girl) unhinges her mind, she becomes confused and madness follows. I found her mad scene infinitely moving, there were none of those completely blank passages when ballerinas so frequently wander round the stage merely looking vacant. There was a reason for everything she did. Hers is not a Giselle in the grand operatic manner; there is no sweep and flourish. It is understated but one is always aware of a tremendous force in reserve. This is the way that Fonteyn should interpret the role, it is something of her own and it has no less impact than the greatest of this century—Olga Spessivtzeva.

The second act is something different. Probably nobody in this generation will have the lightness, the ethereality of Markova; she is Giselle, the wili, of our time. Fonteyn has certain qualities, not the same as Markova's, which she has turned to her own ends. She is never the complete wili, she is a girl on the mezzanine between the mortal and immortal. She still has the emotions of a girl. This must be the right way because if she had become the complete wili she would have no desire to protect Albrecht from his fate.

Needless to say, her dancing all through was faultless. She is a ballerina who improves at every performance and now she has found the right path for her Giselle, there is not the slightest doubt she will, in time, make it as much *her* role as she has those other great classical parts.

WELCOME REVIVAL

THE revival of Ashton's *Scenes de Ballet* was most welcome. How beautifully Ashton had handled this classical apotheosis; the way the dances flow one into the other could only have been achieved by a master. There is nothing obvious and it is impossible to say what is going to happen next as so frequently happens in modern works. It has none of the symmetry which tended to make his later *Tiresias* rather tedious. It has an almost mystical air; as though the dancers are taking part in a ritual among the ruins.

The actual dancing needed a certain amount of polishing up. It is essential for the lines to be straight and for there to be absolute precision. If there is any raggedness the asymmetry of the ballet is completely lost and it looks amateurish.

In the principal roles, Nadia Nerina and John Hart danced most competently but they lacked *chic*. There is something about the work which needs this quality above all else. That is why Shearer was so completely successful in it.

The ballet seems to have solved the problem of the opening work in any programme. It is impossible to open every programme with *Les Sylphides* and *Les Patineurs*. Now, together with *Ballabile*, The Sadler's Wells Ballet have four works ideal as an *hors d'oeuvre* before the more solid *entree* in any programme. Somehow it is easy to find the meat for a programme but the way of introducing and rounding-off the meal is often ignored. Such considerations should always dictate the commissioning of any new ballet.

P. W.

FUTURE PLANS

THE company start their well-earned holiday on July 3, which lasts for a month. On their return in August, they will be working hard on the full-length *Sylvia* which has its first performance in September. This will be Frederick Ashton's second three act classic. It is good to think that Delibes' finest ballet score will be with us, we hope, for ever. The winter season will see a revised *Swan Lake* and also a new ballet by John Cranko. entatively called *Clowns.*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

THE Haunted Ballroom is, perhaps, not a good ballet, its choreography is dated, its story is trite. However the work is so well performed that one can forgive its artificiality and wallow in the excellence of David Poole as the doomed Master of Treginnis and Pirmin Trecu, felinely menacing as the Stranger Player. This season we have been given a performance of Alicia, that reluctant ghost, to match these two compelling portraits.

Svetlana Beriosova's Alicia is a bewitching interpretation. Aloof and impulsive by turn, slightly mysterious, well-bred and gracious, confidently beautiful in her red ball-dress, she was transformed into a spectre whose shadowy flittings were ghost-like enough to satisfy the Society for Psychic Research. How fine these three artists would be in Ashton's *Apparitions*.

Les Rendezvous is indestructible! Were it not, Donald Britton's hearty performance of the Leading Promeneur might have been disastrous. He is a good dancer of great virility, but at this performance he paid little regard to the beat of the music, jumped like a deer and landed like an elephant. He seems over-anxious to please his audience, a fault understandable in one recently returned from the Forces. In many ways he is a better dancer than when he was called-up; all he needs now is to re-acquire lightness, tidy his technique (his air-turns are particularly ragged) and relax.

PATRICIA MILLER first danced the heroine of *Pineapple Poll* in America. Vivacity is not the quality first associated with her sensitive dancing, consequently her performance as Pineapple Poll came as a pleasant surprise. Dashing and pretty, but without the rumbustiousness of Maryon Lane still the rôle's most successful interpreter, she runs through the part at a rare pace. Hers is an individual reading of Poll, but I wonder if she was well-advised to give so much emphasis to her heartless treatment of Jasper, her crippled suitor? Surely it is better for her to appear more thoughtless than cruel? However her sparkle as Poll makes one eager to see her Swanilda, a rôle she apparently took during the American tour.

Pauline Wadsworth has played Mrs. Dimple and gave a portrayal not very different from that of its creator, Sheilah O'Reilly. Yvonne Barnes, the new Blanche, brought a touch of sophistication to that engaging dimwit.

First appearances in other rôles have included Don Gillies in the *Les Rendezvous*, *pas de trois*, and Walter Trevor as Vestris in *The Prospect Before Us*. Gillies seems the most promising male addition to the company during the past year or so. Trevor, back from the Forces, had so few opportunities to dance on stage before his call-up (he was at Covent Garden) that his performance of Vestris was the first time I had seen him in a solo rôle. He danced with style and quite fluent technical accomplishment, but bumped a little. (It is worth noting, with regard to Britton, that most demobbed dancers appear to have little *ballon* during their first months back).

OF the other dancers probably only Pirmin Trecu has shown a remarkable improvement, his performance in *Harlequin in April* is now one of the best pieces of interpretative dancing to be seen in London since the war. David Blair has gained in elevation, but seems to lack the emotional maturity with which to back his technique. During the past few seasons his dancing has progressed from the promising to the excellent and later to the downright brilliant, yet his personality has remained at a standstill. This should only be a temporary limitation, and the Army (he is on the point of being called-up) may very well be beneficial to him. The barrier between the superb technician and the stage artist, once overcome Blair will be the *premier danseur* the Wells have dreamt of.

Stanley Holden and David Poole are as good as ever. Holden has improved his Jasper in *Pineapple Poll;* now he is very good indeed at the end, but does not yet excel in the middle scene which he makes more sentimental than pathetic. That pathos is well within his grasp is amply shown by his performance of Mr. O'Reilly.

Elaine Fifield is delightfully fresh and charming in *Les Rendezvous*, but her problem, like Blair's, is one of immaturity. A few years as a junior soloist at Covent Garden might work the wonders for her it has for Nadia Nerina.

THE summer season finishes on July 5, and the company leave for a month's holiday. On August 4 they return to rehearse John Cranko's new ballet, *Reflection*, for the Edinburgh Festival. From August 18 they will be at Edinburgh for a week and then return to Sadler's Wells Theatre for the autumn season. A provincial tour will last through from October 20 to the second week in December.

C.B.

YUGOSLAV STATE COMPANY

DANCERS from all over the world continue to flock to the Cambridge Theatre. Following the Spanish Carmen Amaya we have had a company of dancers from the other side of Europe, the Yugoslav State Company whose month's season opened on May 19. Unfortunately, possibly because of the appearance last autumn of the Yugoslav National Ballet at the Edinburgh Festival, many people were under the misapprehension that they were going to see a performance of ballet. However, this was perhaps all to the good, as many who would not normally have gone to a performance of folk-dancing, went, stayed on, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

The programme consisted of about twenty song, dance and instrumental items, although naturally it was the dancing that predominated. Some of the dances were traditional, but many had been choreographed by the ballet-mistress or members of the company. In all of these good use was made of many of the movements characteristic of the various regions of Yugoslavia.

Among the instruments used were the toupan, a large drum attached to the player who moved freely among the dancers, pipes, a kind of bagpipe, an accordian and various plucked instruments. While there was, of course, no scenery, the costumes were extremely rich and colourful, amply justifying the note in the programme claiming that we were to see "the variety of a whole continent in a small country".

Easily the most popular dances with the audience were those for the men; the Teskoto, Sopsko and Nadigravanje being especially well arranged and danced. The most striking aspect of the whole performance was the absolute precision of all the dancers, particularly in the dances requiring great speed and agility—some of the steps being extraordinarily difficult. For this all praise must go to the company's ballet-mistress, Olga Skovran.

It is to be hoped that all dancers and teachers made a special point of seeing this company; we in England can learn a lot from such performances as these.

Elizabeth Moore

Mary Munro in the first act of the Ballet Rambert Giselle. *She has recently taken over, with great success, the title role. The photograph shows Hugh Stevenson's admirable decor which was one of the successful English designs for this ballet*

Photo: G. B. L. Wilson

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Two incidents from The Warrior Dance of Rugovo *in the Yugoslav State Company's recent programme at the Cambridge Theatre. This Serbian dance represents a fight between two dancers. They joust to claim the exclusive attention of the drummer. The conqueror celebrates his triumph in a dance with his vanquished rival. The Drummer is Bratislav Grbic, the dancers are Borivoje Djuric and Vitomir Radivojevic*

Photos: Derek Allen

INDIAN DANCERS

THE Institute of Contemporary Arts presented a programme of Indian dancing, at the French Institute, on May 12. A varied programme was given by Shirin Vajifdar and her two sisters, Roshan and Khurshed, together with the male dancer Krishna Kutty.

Of all the many Indian nights we have attended, this was probably one of the best for explaining the complications of the oriental dance. The three sisters are most beautiful girls and the whole evening was both entertaining and pleasant to look at. All the gestures were clearly explained without playing-down to the audience. Again we were told all about the four main schools of Indian dancing but, for once, it did not become boring. Krishna Kutty's Kathakali demonstration was excellent. A number not previously seen in England, was an Indian Gypsy dance.

TAMARA KARSAVINA

ON Sunday afternoon, June 8, Madame Karsavina gave a lecture-demonstration at the Rudolph Steiner Hall. It was arranged by the R.A.D. Production Club.

When anyone, today, questions the greatness of Diaghilev's dancers, he should be forcibly taken to one of these lectures. Such is Karsavina's artistry that although an ageing woman she can become transformed into a gallant youth, a simpering girl, or almost anything that should be required of her. She seems, by a mere flick of the wrist, to people her stage and make large productions materialise before our eyes. It was fascinating to see, again by the alteration of the wrist movement, how three almost identical expressions could have a completely different meaning.

The lecture was almost entirely confined to the classics and included scenes from *Giselle* (The Queen of the Wilis and Albrecht), *Sleeping Beauty* (The Lilac Fairy and Carabosse), *Millions d'Arlequins* (Harlequin and Columbine) and *Sylvia*.

In response to general request, she also gave a fragment from *Le Spectre de la Rose*. On seeing this it makes one realise how much has been lost, and how essential it is for the girl to wear a bonnet. As she unties the ribbons, her hand alights on the rose at her breast, this causes her thoughts to turn to the flower. It makes a perfectly natural train of events and there is nothing forced about it.

The art of mime is so lost in this country that every effort should be made to persuade Madame Karsavina to give many more of these lectures so that our dancers can attend in force. Apart from anything else it will give them more pleasure than many hours spent in the theatre or cinema. We should be thankful that she is still with us to give of her great art. **P.W.**

SQUARE DANCE RECORDS

by Norah Galloway

In answer to many requests, we have asked one of the best authorities on Square Dancing to compile a list of gramophone records. From this list it should be possible to have an evening of Square Dancing in your own home.

ALL the following M.G.M. records are played by Carson Robison and his Pleasant Valley Boys, the orchestra is good, a steady rhythm is maintained and Mr. Robison's musical arrangements are very pleasing. Most of the dances are "called", the Caller, Lawrence V. Loy is very clear and in most cases the calls are easy for English dancers to follow.

M.G.M. 442:

When the Work's all done this Fall. (Called) This is excellent music for Square Dancing in 4/4 time. An interesting dance easily followed to the clear calling of Lawrence V. Loy.

Hook and Whirl (called). A simple and spirited dance to the tune "Solomon Levi", the calling is clear and easy to follow.

M.G.M. 469.

The Maverick (called). A familiar tune well played in 4/4 time. The calling is clear, but will not be so easy to understand as some of the other dances called by Mr. Loy, as the Calls include many American terms unfamiliar to the less experienced English Square Dancer.

Head couples separate. This is another good tune in 4-4 time. The dance is easy and very clearly called.

M.G.M. 414.

Lady round Lady (called). A good record in 6-8 time, the tune not quite so infectious as some of the others. This is a simple dance well called and easy to follow.

Pokeberry Promenade (called). An excellent and very familiar tune in 4-4 time. The dance has plenty of variety and is easy to follow. Lawrence V. Loy's calling is very clear on both sides of the record.

M.G.M. 487.

Bob's Favourite (called). A record in 4-4 time. A good steady rhythm, but I find the melody a little monotonous. The dance is interesting as it keeps all dancers moving throughout. It is clearly called by Lawrence V. Loy.

Scratchin' Gravel (uncalled). A very pleasing tune in 4/4 rhythm. Useful to all Callers; suitable for most Square and Progressive circle dances, an excellent arrangement of familiar melodies by Carson Robison.

M.G.M 394 (uncalled).

Right foot up, Left foot down. 6-8 time.

Devil's Briches (uncalled). 4-4 time.

Both these tunes are extremely good and well played. They can be used for many dances and are invaluable to a Caller who likes to vary his call.

Here are some Parlophone records played by Phil Cardew and his "Cornhuskers", this is an excellent orchestra of a different style. Phil Cardew has arranged some very infectious tunes for Square Dancing; the Caller is David Miller whose voice is clear and pleasing.

*Parlophone R.*3473.

Camptown Races (uncalled). A most inspiring tune in 4-4 time especially arranged by Phil Cardew for the dance "Forward up Six". It should be danced as follows:— Introduction 16 bars, the dance, 48 bars is taken through 3 times finishing with a chorus of 16 bars. As the dance is uncalled it can be used for other dances.

The Girl I Left Behind Me (called). Another popular tune in 2-4 time, arranged for the dance "Divide the Couples". Here again there is an introduction and the dance is taken through three times only. An easy dance very clearly called by David Miller.

*Parlophone R.*3487

The White Cockade (called). An excellent tune in 2/4 time, arranged for the popular dance "Pop under the Arch", very well called by David Miller.

Chase the Chicken (uncalled). This is a spirited and most infectious tune composed by Phil Cardew. The cock can be heard crowing most realistically. The record is made for the dance of the same name which is an easy but interesting dance. It is an introductory routine of 24 bars, the dance routine of 32 bars is danced 4 times, finishing with chorus of 24 bars. As the record is uncalled it is useful for any Callers to use for other dances.

*Parlophone R.*3470.

Life on the Ocean Wave (uncalled). This is a rollicking tune is well played by Phil Cardew and is arranged for the easy and popular dance "Smile at your Partner New". Introduction 24 bars, Dance routine 4 times through, finish with chorus of 24 bars. This second tune can also be used in any other dance.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres (called). An excellent record, the well known melody is played with zest and carries the dancers along. This simple dance called "Hinky Dinky" is well and tunefully called by David Miller.

*Parlophone R.*3391.

The Irish Washerwoman. This rollicking tune in 6-8 time is well played for the dance "Four Ladies to Centre". This is one of the earliest English Square dance records and was played and called for listeners rather than for dancers. David Miller calls at the beginning of the record and then stops calling and comes in again on the last 16 bars. When dancing, follow the first called part of the record and then repeat the dance by the Ladies and Gentlemen alternately until the end of the record.

Crackin' Corn (uncalled). An excellent tune composed by Phil Cardew useful for such dances as the Virginia Reel or any Progressive Circle dance. It has not been recorded to fit the dance of the same name.

*Parlophone R.*3395.

Rake the Floor (uncalled). A pleasing arrangement of the well known tune "Rakes of Mallow" in 2-4 time. The dance "Rake the Floor" can be danced to it starting with an introduction of 24 bars. The dance routine of 24 bars repeated by each gentleman in turn then chorus 24 bars, this leaves 16 bars finale for the Caller to improvise.

Arkansaw Traveller. An excellent tune played for the listener not for the dancer. David Miller calls very pleasingly.

Paul Godkin and Colette Marchand in a scene from the new revue Plein Feu *at Le Théâtre de L'Empire in Paris. Maurice Chevalier is the star and there is a considerable amount of dancing. The photograph shows a scene from an existentialist number which takes place on the Left Bank*

Colette Marchand is well-known in England. She danced with Metropolitan Ballet and Ballet de Paris. Recently she made some guest appearances with Festival Ballet in Monte Carlo

Paul Godkin will be remembered for his lively performances with Ballet Theatre during their last season at Covent Garden. He danced most of the roles created by Jerome Robbins for himself

Photo: Paul Wilson

PARIS FESTIVAL

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THOUGH at the time writing the 'festival of "The Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century" is not yet over, there can be no doubt that the six performances given by the New York City Ballet have been among the most important events of this international parade of contemporary arts. And that is saying a good deal, considering the number of first-rate artists, ensembles and works of art which this festival has brought together here during the month of May.

For the opening at the opera and the following evenings in the Théâtré de Champs-Elysées the cream of the Paris public and international tourists in Paris for "the season" paid as much as 4.500 francs a seat to watch this four-year-old company make its continental debut.

The French did so with growing amazement: the company was American, which is apt to render anything suspect in French eyes—be it on the artistic or the political level. But after two evenings, both public and critics were ready to agree that the time might have come to have another good, hard look to find out what has happened to French ballet.

By the time the sixth performance was over, Balanchine and The City Ballet, names hitherto unknown to a large public here, had become almost synonymous with fine dancing. Ballet magazines nobody had ever heard of spouted special issues in honour of Balanchine, *Le Figaro* carried full-page spreads, and Oliver Merlin of *Le Monde*, severest Paris critic, talked authoritatively of the important consequences of "the new style" in ballet.

Now, some of the eulogizing might be due to the present state of French ballet, but there is little doubt that when the American ensemble opens in London in July, the public will see a stronger company than the one that left them two years ago.

The most notable addition is Nora Kaye, of course. She is better than ever, and her presence strengthens the human, dramatic part of a repertory which seemed at times too dominated by Balanchine's musical abstractions. Her powerful performance in *The Cage*, music by Stravinsky, with Yvonne Mounsey, Nicholas Magallanes and Roy Tobias, brought her critical laurels for the kind of dancing we remember from the Ballet Theatre season in 1950. Taking the part of Caroline, she also strengthened a performance of the *Lilac Garden*, which was otherwise somewhat lacking in warmth.

AS for Balanchine's choreography, one might almost be inclined to say that it is more so than ever. Working along the same lines, he always seems to be finding new ways of giving music another dimension through movement.

When seeing the opening of his *Caracole* after the B-major Divertimento No. 15 by Mozart, one might at first think that all the talk and critical acclaim preceding it had been somewhat exaggerated. It is Balanchine at his best, certainly, yet Balanchine as we have seen him in countless ballets before: very much in the spirit of the music, but with the *corps-de-ballet* in the familiar, geometrical pattern of diagonal, intersecting lines. But after the first movement, an Allegro, in the Theme and Variations, the Menuet and the Adante that follows, he manages to give the mood and the character of the music with sudden changes, with a temperament, a warmth and an understanding which has sometimes been lacking in his earlier, often rather chilly works.

This ballet also shows another of the company's recent additions, André Eglevsky, to his advantage in some solos, and as a fine partner for Maria Tallchief.

After *Caracole*, it is most interesting to notice the change that takes place when Balanchine attacks a modern composer like Hindemith in his *Four Temperaments*. With no décor except for a grey backcloth, the ballet is danced in costumes designed to reveal the slightest movement.

"I've not come to see people dance in their bathing suits," was the comment from one elderly spectator. The choreographer's almost anatomical approach to the interpretation of music might call forth similar reactions from the London public. Yet the ballet is certainly worth seeing as an example of how Balanchine seems always on the way to new discoveries of the human body as a means of expression.

Working with décor rather than dancing, and mime rather than movement, he has made *Tyl Ulenspiegel* after Richard Strauss' music into an amusing part for Jerome Robbins, but it nevertheless remains a rich series of tableaux rather than a ballet.

The Pied Piper, Robbins' latest ballet, is a good deal livelier, though I find the idea even better than the execution. The Pied Piper (originally the one from Hamlyn) is in this case a member of the orchestra who leaves the pit, walks up on a completely empty stage without décor and starts playing Aaron Copland's Concerto for Clarinet (written for Benny Goodman a few years ago). The dancers, some in street clothes, some in practice dress, walk on the stage with an air of not knowing what it is all about, but soon the music forces them to dance. The whole thing seems as casual and disorganised as Balanchine is organised, which is perhaps the point of it.

Considering the richness and the variety of their programme, I do not think that the Congress for Cultural Freedom sponsoring this international gathering of the arts could have chosen a better ensemble than this one to represent ballet. Since ballet companies are anything but easy to move around, the choice was partly due to the fact that Leonid Leonidoff was going to present the ballet to a European public on a tour this spring. But I doubt whether any single company at the moment could have showed better the scope of the medium, reaching from the human drama of *The Cage* to the abstract precision of *Caracole*. The performances indicated that these American choreographers have thought deeply about the possibilities and the limitations of their art, that they are not afraid of experimenting with it, and that in their ensemble they have both the personalities and the discipline to carry out their intentions.

MARQUIS DE CUEVAS BALLET

In view of their quality, one was brought to wonder if the two ballets specially commissioned for the Festival and presented by the Marquis de Cuevas would not have been better omitted. *Cordelia*, to the music of Henri Sauguet and the choreography of John Taras; and *Coup de Feu*, choreographed by Aurel Milloss, after the music of another contemporary French composer, Georges Auric, served to illustrate the half-truth that masterpieces are not made to order.

In *Cordelia*, the story of a young and mistreated girl (Dolorès Starr) for whom a boy (Serge Golovine) appears as a prince as she hides away in the attic (designed by Jacques Dupont). Taras' choreography cannot make up for the pretentious sentimentality of the subject. It showed, however, that Golovine's technical facility seems to be increasing every time one sees him. But he lacked the poetical quality which should give this work meaning, and which Dolorès Starr definitely had.

Coup de Feu is another boy-meets-girl story, starring Rosella Hightower and Wladimir Skouratoff. They fall so ardently in love in a village street that firemen are called in to put out the blaze and the municipal authorities decide to keep them apart for the sake of public safety. The idea, the décor and the costumes, all thought up by A.-M. Cassandre, are definitely funnier than the ballet as a whole. It is overworked to the point where it becomes merely silly, and can neither be saved by Skouratoff's occasional bursts of wit, nor serve to display Miss Hightower's talents.

In short, these two creations showed neither the dancers nor the choreographers of a good ensemble to their advantage, and they were certainly not indicative of the state of ballet at the moment. And that, after all, should have been the justification for presenting them within the framework of the Twentieth Century Masterpieces.

ERIK PIERSTOFF

Esteban Cerda from the University of Chile Ballet Company. He has also been first classical soloist in the Sulima Company, as well as dancing with Ballet Alicia Alonso during its South American tour. He has studied with Madame Poliakova and Esmée Bulnes in Buenos Aires. There will be more about ballet in South America in future issues *Photo: Caceres*

DENMARK

THE Annual ballet festival at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, lasted from May 24 to May 31. In one week it was possible to see what had been achieved in a year. The programmes consisted of classics and modern works by Danish choreographers as well as a smattering of ballets by guest choreographers.

Since the last festival, Lichine mounted his *Graduation Ball;* John Taras, his *Designs with Strings* (called here *Variationer*); and Bournonville's *Kermesse in Bruges* was revived by Niels Bjorn Larsen and Hans Brenaa.

RECENT CREATIONS

ONE of the surprises of the season was the realisation of how charming Lichine's ballet can be. *Graduation Ball* has always seemed to be an ill-constructed work full of corny old ideas—ideal for the undiscerning public but disastrous to the art of ballet. In Copenhagen it is just right and the company give it more than it has ever had before. The young cadets, led by Fredbjorn Bjornsson, look fresh and plausible, not like the collection of middle-aged men that we so frequently see. Bjornsson was delightful and has made the role as much personal to himself as has Massine in his own created roles (such as the Hussar in *Beau Danube*, or the Miller in *Le Tricorne*). Gerda Karstens as the Schoolmistress and Svend Erik Jensen as the visiting General, gave the sort of performance which make any North Sea hazards worthwhile. There is a new classical *pas de deux*, in place of The Sylphide and The Scotsman, which is completely out of period though it was well given by Mona Vangsaa —Frank Schaufuss and Margrethe Schanne—Kjeld Noack on two occasions. An interpolated solo for Borge Ralov showed the fine artistry of this distinguished dancer though it should never be given by anyone else.

Designs with Strings retains the charm it originally had. Well danced by Schanne, Bjornsson and Stanley Williams, it seems a most useful addition to this particular repertoire. The music was the original Tschaikovsky quartet and not the orchestrated version. The lighting, as in everything at this theatre, is so good that one is never conscious of it (surely this is how lighting should be?)

It is always a pleasure to see a Bournonville ballet. The invention of this remarkable man (at his height in the middle of the last century) is always a source of wonder. *Kermesse in Bruges* is no exception. The story concerns three brothers who, in return for a kindness, each receive a gift. One gets a ring to win all hearts, the other a sword to win all battles, the third a violin to make everyone dance. As can be imagined, these gifts lead to many original complications. The dances for the townspeople of Bruges are lovely and it was unusual to hear dancers clumping around in clogs. But all through the two acts there are so many original ideas. Never having seen the work before, it is impossible to compare the performance with any other, but the company gave it with their usual masterly skill.

DISTINGUISHED CLASSICS.

OF the other classics, *Giselle*, *Coppelia* and, of course, *Napoli*, were outstanding. *Giselle* has improved a hundred per cent. since last year, not only in the performance of the title role by Margrethe Schanne but in the production as a whole. It is as if one was seeing the old ballet for the first time. All the small roles (such as the Berthe of Gerda Karstens, the Hilarion of Niels Bjorn Larsen) are so perfect though they never intrude upon the main plot.

Schanne's Giselle is very moving, Her physique is ideal and she reminds one, from time to time, of Markova. She is so well supported in the first act that it is hard to tell whether it is entirely her performance which causes so much impact. The second act gives her a real chance to show the complete artist and there is not any question that she is one of the outstanding interpreters of this role in our time. This remarkably quick evolution must be due to the presence of Vera Volkova who has wrought many changes in a short time. Without interfering with the Bournonville school, she has brought her great knowledge of the Russian method. This has meant a strengthening of the *port de bras* and also a greater facility in turns. Both were weaknessess of the Bournonville system which is not only remarkable for the elevation it gives the dancers, but also the understanding of mime.

Of *Coppelia* I shall write more in our next issue. *Napoli* remains the most precious jewel in the Danish crown. Would that one could say the same about all the more recent ballets. Unfortunately, with a few notable exceptions, they remain undistinguished. A production of *Aurora's Wedding* could never have been allowed. The programmes for the festival could be chosen with far greater care. But whatever the company do they do with such conviction and distinction that even their worst ballets (there are many competing for this post) are an example to the rest of the world.

P.W.

Three male dancers from the Paris Festival. L. to R. George Reich (in Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex*), Nicholas Magallanes (in Stravinsky's* Orpheus *with New York City Ballet), and Serge Golovine (in Taras'* Cordelia *with the de Cuevas company). The three were generally acclaimed in these works*

Photo: Lido

Clubs

LONDON

The London Ballet Circle. Sec.: Stanley Hawkins, 132, Kensington Park Road, London, W.11.

ON Sunday, May 18, at the Salle Erard, 18 Great Marlborough Street, W.1, Svetlana Beriosova answered questions, mainly on her career and the recent American tour, from a large and very appreciative audience.

Lectures, demonstrations, etc., are held at the above address on the third Sunday of the month. Full details of membership and the Circle's activities may be obtained from the Secretary.

The Coryphée Ballet Club. Sec.: Thelma Beaumont, c/o The City Literary Institute, Holborn, London.

THIS production club gave its twenty-fourth annual Festival at the City Literary Institute on May 23 and 24. Unfortunately, owing to previous engagements, it was impossible for our critic to see the entire programme. However, the portion he was able to sample appeared to be of a very high amateur standard. Of far more than usual interest was Ronald Wilson's ballet 1, 2, 3. This short work set to unhackneyed Fauré marked the choreographic debut of this designer. Taking as its theme three girls playing in a garden the ballet has an indefinite charm. The simple décor consisted of little more than a trellis festooned with Chinese lanterns and a fan; it contrasted well with the rather sombre costumes of the girls. The choreography appeared fluent, if slight. Sometimes one felt that the choreographer's intentions were not perfectly realised by the dancers, who although excellent amateur performers were naturally unable to bring the professional finish and authority to the work it probably deserved. Nevertheless this is just the kind of ballet that clubs should perform, infinitely more suitable than the pseudo-Massine romps and interminable *ballets blancs* which figure so largely on most amateur programmes.

WILLESDEN

Willesden Ballet Circle, Sec.: Christine Greenfield, 20, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

ON Saturday, July 5, at 8 p.m., Violetta Elvin will speak to the club on her upbringing in the Russian Ballet School. The meeting is to be held at the Anson Hall, Chichele Road, N.W.2 (nearest tube-station Willesden Green). Admission for non-members is 2*s.* for members and all under sixteen 1*s.*

BELFAST

The Belfast Ballet Club. Sec.: Cecil Dunbar, 135, Ulsterville Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

DURING the first year of the club's existence four original works, including one dance-drama, have been presented. While the dancing technique was not quite of professional standard, it was obvious that in the field of choreography there are several promising aspirants, who given an opportunity are capable of doing worthwhile work.

In the future the club intends to widen its activities to cover all the components which go to build up ballet. Owing to unsuitable premises the club has had to restrict itself virtually to dance practice. However, this coming season, décor, costume, stage-craft and even "front of house management", will all be fully covered.

BLACKPOOL

Blackpool and Fylde Ballet Club. Sec.: Mr. T. W. M. Cardwell, 125, Mount Street, Fleetwood, Lancs.

The club has just been formed and although it has only 36 members at present, the organisers hope to increase this with future activities. Meetings are held every fortnight; the first meeting was addressed by Miss Kathleen West of the Blackburn Ballet Club and the second by a pupil of the Arts Educational School in London, who illustrated her talk with a demonstration. Other recent activities were an evening of ballet films, including STEPS OF THE BALLET and SPOTLIGHT ON AUSTRALIAN BALLET, and a visit to Festival Ballet when they were performing in Blackpool.

MANCHESTER

The Manchester Ballet Guild. Sec.: Jeanette V. Whittaker, 122, Church Street West, Radcliffe, Manchester.

EARLY in April at their headquarters in Radcliffe, near Manchester, the Ballet Guild presented another of their evenings of ballet. This, their sixteenth production, opened with *Ballet In the Making*—an experiment devised and directed by G. McDonald, explaining to the uninitiated how a ballet is made.

Then followed a lively national ballet, based on an old Russian Folk Tale, in which two little children are enticed away from their mother and turned into puppets by the notoriously evil witch, Baba Yaga.

The performance ended with *Masked Ball*, a light-hearted frivolous work set to the lilting strains of Johann and Richard Strauss. Among the assembled company there was much competition for the attentions of a handsome young man, and even an elderly bachelor caused a mild flutter in the hearts of both the wall-flower and the poor little maid.

Gladys McDonald was responsible for the choreography and direction of this production, and the décor and costumes were designed by B. M. Ewart and J. V. Whittaker.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club. Sec.: Winifred Patterson, Benwell Grange, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 5. Tel.: Newcastle 33152.

ON Sunday, April 6, Joan Ritchie conducted a most enjoyable lecture and demonstration in Mime. The meeting was very well attended, and everyone joined in with a will. On Sunday, April 20, a programme of "Ballet Stills" was presented. These consisted of tableaux from well-known ballets posed by dancers in orthodox practice dress. The tableaux were interspersed with records of ballet music.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

June
28 (M) *Ballabile, Symphonic Variations, Bonne-Bouche*
30 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes, Shaw, Elvin)

July
1 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Grey, Field, Shaw, Jackson)
2 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Elvin, Hart, Vernon, Navarre)
3 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Grey, Field, Shaw, Jackson)
4 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Elvin, Hart, Vernon, Jackson)
5 (M) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Lindsay, Chatfield, Clegg, Clayden)
5 (E) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes, Shaw, Jackson)

End of Ballet Season

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

June
28 (M) *Pastorale, Le Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Pineapple Poll.*
30 *Les Rendezvous, Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll*

July
2 *Le Lac des Cygnes, The Rake's Progress, Jota, Toledana, Tritsch-Tratsch, Facade*
4 *Assembly Ball, The Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll*
5 (M) *Coppelia* (Beriosova, Blair, Holden)

End of Ballet Season

NEW YORK CITY BALLET AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

July
7 *Serenade, The Cage, Firebird, La Valse*
8 *Serenade, The Cage, Firebird, La Valse*
9 (M & E) *Serenade, The Cage, Firebird, La Valse*
10 *The Duel, Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Lilac Garden, Pied Piper*
11 *The Duel, Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Lilac Garden, Pied Piper*
12 (M & E) *The Duel, Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Lilac Garden, Pied Piper*
14 *Caracole, La Gloire, A la Francaix, Bouree Fantasque*
15 *Caracole, La Gloire, A la Francaix, Bouree Fantasque*
16 (M & E) *Caracole, La Gloire, A la Francaix, Bouree Fantasque*
17 *Card Game, Age of Anxiety, Divertimento, Symphony in C*
18 *Card Game, Age of Anxiety, Divertimento, Symphony in C*
19 (M & E) *Card Game, Age of Anxiety, Divertimento, Symphony in C*
21 *Concerto Barocco, Prodigal Son, Lilac Garden, Cake Walk*
22 *Concerto Barocco, Prodigal Son, Lilac Garden, Pied Piper, Bouree Fantasque*
23 (M) *Concerto Barocco, Prodigal Son, A la Francaix, Cake Walk*
23 (E) *Concerto Barocco, Prodigal Son, Card Game, Bouree Fantasque*
24 *Four Temperaments, Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *The Cage, Bouree Fantasque*
25 *Four Temperaments, Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2,) *The Cage, Bouree Fantasque*
26 (M & E) *Four Temperaments, Firebird, Lilac Garden, Pied Piper*
28 *Mother Goose Suite, Concerto Barocco, Orpheus, Symphony in C*
29 *Mother Goose Suite, Concerto Barocco, Orpheus, Symphony in C*
30 (M & E) *Serenade, The Duel, Orpheus, Pied Piper*
31 *Card Game, Concerto Barocco, Age of Anxiety, La Valse*

August
1 *Card Game, Concerto Barocco, Age of Anxiety, La Valse*
2 (M) *Mother Goose Suite, Lac de Cygnes* (Act 2), *A la Francaix, Cake Walk*
2 (E) *Serenade, Prodigal Son, The Cage, Cake Walk*
4 *Symphonie Concertante, La Gloire, Firebird, Pied Piper*
5 *Symphonie Concertante, La Gloire, Firebird, Pied Piper*
6 (M) *Card Game, Concerto Barocco, Prodigal Son, Bouree Fantasque*
6 (E) *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Four Temperaments, A la Francaix, La Valse*
7 *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Four Temperaments, A la Francaix, Bouree Fantasque*
8 *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Four Temperaments, A la Francaix, Bouree Fantasque*
9 (M) *Serenade, La Gloire, A la Francaix, Firebird*
9 (E) *Caracole, The Cage, The Duel, La Valse*

Season continues until August 21. This programme is subject to alteration

RAMBERT BALLET

July
8 International Eisteddfod (1 performance only)
14 The Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon Programme
14 & 15 *Giselle* (Act 1), *Czernyana, House of Cards, Gala Performance*
16 & 17 *Casse Noisette* (Act II), *Winter Night, Plaisance, Facade*
18 & 19 (Mat. Sat.) *Plaisance, House of Cards, Czernyana, Casse Noisette* (Act II)

Aug.
11 & 18 Repertory Theatre, Colchester

Sept.
1 Civic Theatre, Chesterfield
8 Guildhall, St. Ives

RAMBERT BALLET AT OPEN AIR THEATRE, FINSBURY PARK

July
21-23 *Casse Noisette* (Act II), *Soirée Musicale, Winter Night, Facade*
24-26 (Mat. Sat.) *Giselle* (Act I), *Simple Symphony, House of Cards, Czernyana*
28-30 *Giselle* (Act I), *Fireflies, Simple Symphony, Bar aux Folies Bergeres*
31-Aug. (Mat. Sat.) *Les Sylphides, Plaisance, Le Jardin aux Lilas, Facade*

FESTIVAL BALLET

July
21 King's, Southsea

FESTIVAL BALLET AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

July
31 to Aug. 4 (Mats. Sat. & Mon.) *Swan Lake* (Act I), *Don Quixote—pas de deux, Vision of Marguerite, Black Swan—pas de deux, Prince Igor* (with full choir and orchestra)
Aug. 5 to 9 (Mat. Sat.) *The Nutcracker* (Full Version), *Le Beau Danube*
11 to 14 (Mat. Thurs.) *Sheherazade, The Pas de Quatre, Le Spectre de la Rose, Symphonic Impressions*
15 and 16 (Mat. Sat.) *Giselle, Harlequinade—pas de deux, Fiesta Espagnole*
18 and 19 *The Nutcracker* (Full Version), *Le Beau Danube*
20 and 21 (Mat. Thurs.) *Swan Lake* (Act I), *Don Quixote, Vision of Marguerite, Black Swan, Prince Igor*

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

June
30 Royal Opera House, Belfast

July
7 Theatre Royal, Birmingham
14 Theatre Royal, Nottingham

Aug.
4 Open Air Arena, Verona, Italy (for a season)

KATHERINE DUNHAM AND HER DANCERS

June
30 Hippodrome, Bristol

July TOUR CANCELLED

CONTINENTAL BALLET

July
21 The Royal Hall, Harrogate
28 The Marlow Theatre, Canterbury

THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. THE EMPIRE THEATRE

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet

Aug.
18-20 (Mat. Wed.) *Coppelia*
21-23 (Mat. Sat.) *Les Rendezvous, Reflection* (new ballet by Cranko), *Pineapple Poll*

The New York City Ballet

Aug.
25-27 (Mat. Wed.) *Swan Lake* (Act II), *The Cage, Bayou* (first performance in Great Britain), *Bourrée Fantasque*
28-30 (Mat. Sat.) *The Firebird, The Pied Piper* (first performance in Great Britain), *Ballade, Galaxy*

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas

Sept.
1-3 (Mat. Wed.) Programme will include *Prisoner of the Caucasus* (first performance in Great Britain) and *Tarasiana*
4-6 (Mat. Sat.) Programme will include *Night Shadow* and *Enchanted Mill*

All dates and times are correct at time of going to press but they are subject to alteration

Next month we shall include a guide to roles danced by the stars of Festival Ballet at Festival Hall and New York City Ballet at Covent Garden.

DANCING IN MUSICALS

SHOW	THEATRE	DANCE ARRANGER	PRINCIPAL DANCERS
CALL ME MADAM	Coliseum	George Carden	George Carden and Olga Roberts
EXCITEMENT	Casino	Daphne Kiernander (for the ensembles)	Danya and Alvarez, Pedro de Cordoba, Remi Martel Dancers
ZIP GOES A MILLION	Palace	Pauline Grant	Barbara Perry, Audrey Freeman and Ian Stuart
BLUE FOR A BOY	His Majesty's	Joan Davis	Hermene French, Terence Theobold
BET YOUR LIFE	Hippodrome	George Carden	Pamela Bromley
PAULINE GRANT BALLET	London Palladium	Pauline Grant	Gillian Lynne, Malcolm Goddard Nigel Burke, Robert Harrold
PENNY PLAIN	St. Martin's	Alfred Rodrigues	Moyra Fraser
REVUDEVILLE	Windmill	Keith Lester	
		ON TOUR	
KISS ME, KATE		Hanya Holm	Lionel Blair, Deirdre Vivian. Buster St. George

Ballet Correspondents

The name and address and details of any regular reader of DANCE AND DANCERS *will be printed in this colum free of charge (as space permits). Follow the style of these announcements, use the abbreviations listed below and send the details you wish printed to* DANCE AND DANCERS, *marking the envelope* BALLET CORRESPONDENTS.

(Abbreviations: b.c.—bullet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

MISS A. KELLY, The Chantry, Sea Avenue, Rustington, Sussex, wants b.c., m. or f., age 15-17, in Italy, Spain, England, Ireland (pref. Italy). m.a. 15. o.i. all dancing, art, opera, books, animals, films. Ls. French, some Italian. p.r. all answered.

ANNA PARKHURST (Mrs.), 235, Chiswick Village, Oxford Road, London, W.4, wants b.c. f., anywhere, age 20-30. o.i. theatre, all arts, fashion, riding, most topics. p.r.

ROZANNE FRANCIS, 69, Monmouth Road, Durban, Natal, S. Africa, wants b.c., m. or f., age 15-17, in Spain, Paris, Switzerland. m.a. 15. o.i. reading, tennis, dancing. p.r.

BARBARA BLACK, 24, Ballater Street, Glasgow, C.5, wants b.c., m. or f., age 17-18, in England, France, Italy or Vienna, another dancer preferred. m.a. 17. o.i. opera, music, drama, books, films. All answered.

JEAN SILVESTER, 4, Henrietta Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs, wants b.c., m. or f., age 16-20, in Europe, Africa, Spain, Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, N. and S. America. m.a. 17. o.i. theatre, cycling, tennis, swimming, skating. Ls. French. p.r.

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